THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Weekend Review

Vol. XLIII. No. 1106 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	573
THE CLASH OF TRANSPORT AND POWER	576
LONDON DIARY. By Flavus	576
SINCERITY. By Sagittarius	577
THIS ENGLAND	577
CHINA LOBBY. By Norman MacKenzie	578
THE PRICE OF A LEG. By Helen Gosse	578
SIGOTA AND THE RICE GOD. By Ritchie Calder	579
ISLAND PROFILE. By Campbell K. Finlay	583
RECEIPT OF CUSTOM. By Anthony Carson	582
THE WORDS	582
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Ben Nicholson. By Patrick Heron	584
Rossini in Florence—I. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	584
The Movies. By William Whitebait	585
CORRESPONDENCE	586
From The Rev. Kenneth Rawlings; T. A. Collins; Ernst Wangermann; H. W. Rothschild; Sheila Donn; John Turnpike.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By H. R. Trevor-Roper	588
THE CYCLISTS. By Donald Davie	589
REVIEWS:	Page
Equality to Date. By Ralph Miliband	589
The Scots Poetic Tradition. By G. S. Fraser	590
About Ireland. By Louis MacNeice	590
From the Secret Annexe. By Antonia White	592
New Novels. By John Raymond	593
The Fascist Bores. By John Freeman	594
Scots Improvers. By Aylmer Vallance	594
SHORTER REVIEWS	595
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	596
CHESS. By Assiac	597

Prisoners, Panmunjon and Peace

THERE is a serious danger that the truce negotiations in Korea may be wrecked, after all, on the issue of war prisoners. It is an issue in which the facts are not so clear nor the principles so simple as to justify a renewal of fighting.

Any civilised person is repelled by the idea that men should be compulsorily returned to victimisation or to death. Where such a danger exists, it raises a question of moral principle. But, in this case, the issue is scarcely so straightforward as the American negotiators have latterly made it appear. A refusal unconditionally to return prisoners is a breach of the Geneva Convention, and it can create a serious precedent. For it can be used to justify the continued detention of war prisoners by either side and their exposure to all kinds of "persuasion".

We know very little about internal camp conditions on the U.N. or the Communist side in Korea, though it is clear that General Nam Il's allegations of wholesale torture are propagandist exaggerations. But we cannot be sure that nothing has been done to suggest to Communist prisoners that it would be unwise for them to return—as most peasants would normally desire—to their familiar villages. And while there is an unarguable case for giving asylum to prisoners who are in real danger if they go home, there is no case at all for holding on to thousands of men who may have been told that North Korea is a disease-ridden and blasted desert, or that they will be shot because they have been tattooed—willingly or not—with anti-Communist insignia. It would be still less defensible to use them as a pool from which to recruit levies for Chiang or Syngman Rhee.

When the unwary General Dodd was siezed by the prisoners on Koje Island, among the terms conceded "under duress" by General Colson to secure his release was a promise "to stop forcible screening or rearming." General Colson has now been summarily "relieved" for his "ill-advised" agreement. Interrogation of prisoners is a normal practice; but the implication is that "screening" has gone beyond this, and no explanation has yet been given of the word "rearming" in this context. Doubts are strengthened by the presence of Chinese Nationalists among the staffs supervising the camps. A correspondent for a British magazine has reported that Chiang has at least 21 agents from Formosa working among the prisoners, nominally as "teachers." But there is little difficulty in guessing the real functions of any Kuomintang (or South Korean) officials permitted to mix with the prisoners, or brought from Formosa, as *Time* reported, to do intelligence work in the camps.

Thus serious grounds exist for asking whether the scores of thousands of refusals to return are as genuine as Admiral Joy's stand for moral principle would suggest. Between April 4 and April 19, 200 U.N. soldiers conducted the "poll" of 170,000 prisoners in which only 70,000 declared for repatriation—a reduction of 46,000 from the total given by the American truce team on April 1, when the Communists were willing to drop the principle of total exchange if 116,000 of the 170,000 were released. The present breakdown stems from that sudden, questionable revision.

There is a solution to this problem. The Communists have in fact conceded the right of political asylum to at least some of the prisoners by accepting the April 1 figure. How are the views of the disputed 46,000 to be checked fairly and convincingly? If duress has made prisoners refuse repatriation, they will not easily admit this to any impartial inspection team making only a transient visit so long as the camps remain under their present control. If they are to change their minds without duress, they should be guaranteed continued neutral supervision up to the moment of repatriation.

It is true that this would introduce a new principle. War prisoners have always been regarded as the responsibility of their captors, bound, at the end of the war, to return them unconditionally to their native country. Questions of disputed political loyalties did not often arise. In the new kind of "limited" war, in which ideology rather than nationality is the issue, and which is followed by a cease-fire rather than total peace, this rule may be unworkable. The way out in Korea is to put the camps on both sides under the control of a neutral commission at once.

The West Replies

The reply of the Western Powers to the second Soviet Note on German unity has clearly two objectives: one is to gain time, and the other is to put the Russians in the position of having to say "No." The Russian proposal that there should be immediate negotiations for free elections throughout Germany is not precisely rejected, but the stipulation is again made that there must first be an investigation of conditions in the Eastern Zone—if not by the U.N. Commission, then by an "impartial" body, whose composition would obviously give scope for protracted discussions and delays.

The main point of the reply, however, is the rejection by the West of the Russian proposal that a united, sovereign Germany (possessing, if it so desires, "defensive" armed forces of its own) should be "neutralised," in the sense of being debarred from joining either of the two hostile world Blocs. This, the Western Powers argue, "would mean permanent shackles upon Germany's rights of international association." Are we really to suppose that the West would have nothing to say if a united Germany chose to enter a military alliance with the Soviet Union? And is it conceivable that the Russians would agree to letting go their hold on the Eastern Zone and acquiescing in free, all-German elections, if they knew in advance that Germany would be, or was already included in a Western alliance?

All that can be said in favour of the reply is that the door is not completely closed to negotiations. *Pace* Mr. Eden, we still hold that, even if the Contractual Agreement is signed by Ministers this month, nothing should be done to ratify it, until further efforts have been made to see whether genuinely free elections in Germany cannot still be arranged on the understanding that Germany's future sovereignty shall be hedged by one single proviso, that she may not make a military pact either with the Soviet Union or N.A.T.O.

De-nationalisation and the Unions

There has not been much time yet for the trade unions to express their views on the Government's de-nationalisation proposals as illustrated by its memorandum on transport policy; but the A.E.U. and the Transport Salaried Staffs Association, which happened to have conferences in session, have both taken a strong line. The A.E.U. indeed has urged not only that Labour should make clear its intention of reversing de-nationalisation as soon as it returns to power, but also that this should be done without further compensation, so that anyone buying the units of the steel or road transport industries which the Government proposes to offer for sale will do so at his peril. This sounds drastic; but the taxpayers can hardly be expected to pay twice over for goodwill, which has been paid for once already when an undertaking has been acquired. If what the A.E.U. means is that the State, on buying back the de-nationalised units, should pay only for the physical assets, and should not pay more for these than was paid by their purchasers from the State, such a declaration seems fully justified. The A.E.U. delegates were also in a militant mood about wage-policy, urging their Executive to put before the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions, of which it is the biggest constituent, a demand for £2 a week advance, consolidation of bonuses in standard rates, and a number of other considerable claims. This programme has still to run the gauntlet of the Confederation, in which general unions are apt to exert a moderating influence; but on the de-nationalisation issue Mr. Deakin has expressed himself as strongly as anyone, and his members are likely to be quite as much antagonised by the Government's attitude as the engineers.

Hampered Court of Appeal

The Liverpool murder case that ended recently in the execution of Devlin and Burns was a proper occasion for re-examining once again the Statute which, 45 years ago, set up the Court of Criminal Appeal—and designedly withheld from it the power to order a new trial. The appellate court itself cannot satisfactorily deal with the emergence of fresh evidence, or the questioning of evidence already given, since these developments may prejudice criminal proceedings against new defendants. And to appoint *ad hoc* committees of inquiry—as the Home Secretary did in the case in question—is in effect to set up another court, as needed, without the safeguards of publicity, the rules of evidence, and legal representation for the parties. The Lord Chief Justice was surely entitled to expect, when he pleaded the urgency of this simple reform in the House of Lords last week (as other senior judges have done before him), that the case of Devlin and Burns would have clinched the matter. He had perhaps reckoned without Lord Simon, a lonely dissentient in a House filled with experienced lawyers—though Lord Simon had nothing to add to the usual objection that "no man should ever be tried twice for the same offence." It is a point of view that has always been impervious to the fact that the question whether a man wants a new trial is best answered by the man who is seeking it. From a jury's verdict of "not guilty" there is no appeal: every case in the Court of Criminal Appeal is there because the defendant took it there. Another route of appeal in criminal cases—from magistrates' courts to the Queen's Bench Division on points of law—is open to prosecutors as well as defendants. Is it possible that this anomaly, hovering in the minds of law Lords whose experience has not been mainly criminal, inhibits clear thinking about the Court of Criminal Appeal?

New Yugoslav Constitution

Draft proposals for a new constitution in Yugoslavia are now nearing completion by the legislative committee of the Skuptschtina, and are expected to be debated and put into force next month. Their main points are already public. Direct elections are to be done away with, except for local government and works councils. Both at the federal and republican level, parliamentary deputies are to be elected by district and town councils from within their own ranks. The Upper House of the Skuptschtina, the House of Nationalities, is to be displaced by a "House of Producers," which, in economic matters, will have power to throw out legislative proposals made by the Lower House. Members of this House of Producers will be nominated by recognised mass organisations for production, trade, and transport. Cabinet government, at the same time, is to be displaced by an executive body consisting of 30 to 45 members of the Skuptschtina, presided over by Marshal Tito, who becomes head of the State—in place of Mr. Ribar—as well as head of the government and commander-in-chief. This executive is to control and supervise the work of individual Ministries, and to appoint individuals to be the heads of departments. In short, a sketch for a Corporate State—without private employers.

A Deal in South Africa?

A Correspondent writes: There is nothing to prevent Dr. Malan's High Court of Parliament Bill from becoming law; though there is every reason to believe that constitutionally it will not be good law. The Court of Appeal, which by the Act of Union is the highest legal instance in South Africa, can still declare this High Court of Parliament a body without constitutional validity; but the Nationalists, clearly enough, will use the new Court as a means of rail-roading their measures through any legal difficulties which may arise.

So sure are the signs of crisis, indeed, that some of the older Nationalist leaders seem at last ready to draw back. This is not because they are afraid that the United Party may be driven to make common cause with the non-Whites—for the one firm and consistent point in Mr. Strauss's attitude and in that of the party which he leads has been its determination to keep the non-Whites at arm's-length—but because political strains are turning into economic strains. Always short of capital, White South Africa is finding it more than ever difficult to attract investors from abroad. "Many industrialists and businessmen who had planned new ventures are calling a halt," says *The Star* of Johannesburg.

It is perfectly understandable that foreign capitalists should not wish to invest in a country heading so manifestly for chaos, though it is fair to add that foreign interests already installed in South Africa are perfectly capable, if they wish, of helping to instigate an investors' boycott. In this case the suspicion is justified, perhaps, by the fact that it was only economic breakdown which forced the Nationalists out of power early in the Thirties. There is new and well-founded information that part of the United Party is seeking compromise with Malan, and not without hopes of eventual success. Much rests with Malan himself. At 78, will he prefer to hand on the succession to the "wild men" in his own camp, or will he repeat the deal which Hertzog made twenty years ago? If he were willing for compromise with the United Party, he could probably drive a bargain highly satisfactory to the bulk of Nationalist opinion. This week he called once again for inclusion of the three High Commission Territories in the Union. Is he perhaps hoping that the United Party, as part of the price for coalition, can persuade Mr. Churchill's Government to hand them over?

The non-Whites, meanwhile, for whom this conflict among their masters can make little difference, continue their preparations for mass disobedience this year. The South African Indian Congress has now agreed to hold a joint meeting of executives with the African National Congress at the end of this month. A small though effective organisation, the Indian Congress has expressed full support of the call by the African National Congress for 10,000 "disobedience volunteers" to come forward before June 26.

PARIS

Admirals and Generals

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Really everything that matters in Paris these days somehow seems to revolve round American Admirals and Generals! On Friday, at the Quai d'Orsay, the Six-Power draft treaty of the European Army was initialled. But it was initialled, as the *Herald-Tribune* said the next day, "amid doubts on its fate." A few hours before there was a press conference given by the treaty's chief French negotiator, M. Hervé Alphand, who conducted the press through a jungle of technicalities and some gentle meadows of pleasant generalities, both of which, however, made the whole thing sound not less, but more, unreal. By a kind of tacit gentlemen's agreement neither M. Alphand nor the press raised any of the really unpleasant questions—the ratification of the treaty, its extremely mixed reception in Germany, or its adverse effect on any possible negotiations with Russia.

The curious thing is that, only three days before, it was stated on all sides that agreement on the European Army had been "postponed," as the matter was tied up with the fate of the Contractual Agreement with Germany, still "being negotiated" at Bonn. "The only immediate advantage of the initialling ceremony," wrote *Le Monde*, "is to strengthen the electoral position of the 'European' candidates in the U.S." And once this has been done, it continued, and once the U.S. election is over, "the European Parliaments may no longer find it necessary to hurry with the ratification of the treaty." But is the initialling only a "good turn for Ike"? Experience has shown that M. Schuman has a way of forcing the hand of Parliament by presenting it with signed documents and then saying that it would have a disastrous effect in the U.S. if the Assembly refused to ratify. Or suppose the "indispensable" M. Pinay were to make the E.D.C. treaty a question of confidence?

By a rather curious—or calculated—coincidence *Le Monde* published on the very same afternoon the "Fechteler Document," with its allegation that the European Army would last three days—what a skeleton to send to the feast! Naturally, Washington denied the authenticity of the Admiral's memo; but this did not upset *Le Monde*, which said the next day that it had fully expected such a denial, but claimed to have acquired, before publishing the document, "the most serious guarantees" of its authenticity. The view taken by most of the French press was that, whatever the precise authorship and strictly documentary value of the memorandum, it certainly contained views current at the Pentagon. Taken together, the hurried initialling of the E.D.C. Treaty and the "Fechteler Document" have given French opinion the highly unpleasant feeling of Europe being merely a pawn in a desperately dangerous game between rival American strategists. And this uneasy feeling was scarcely diminished by screams of "forgery," or even by the resignation of one member of *Le Monde* staff on the grounds that the origin of the document was doubtful. The references to the Mediterranean as the essential base for war against Russia sounded so infernally genuine.

Ridgway, too, has managed to become *une personalité bien parisienne*. Nobody in France much liked his appointment, and it coincided with one of the most uproarious incidents in the theatrical life of Paris. The Ambigu Theatre was going to have the first-night of Roger Vailland's play, *Colonel Foster Will Plead Guilty*—a play on the war in Korea, not at all complimentary to the U.S. Army, when suddenly the police closed the theatre on the ground that the fire precautions were inadequate! Oddly enough, the police hadn't thought of it until then but, after all, as *Le Monde* critic ironically remarked the next day, "of course napalm bombs on the stage *do* require special precautions." The incident was all the more awkward as we are now in Paris right in the middle of a Festival of "The Free Art of the Western World," whose aim is to show how lucky artists are, all the way from Bach to Britten, not to have lived or to be living under the Soviet system of police controls! This Freedom Festival is presided over by Mr. Nabokov, a White Russian who is head of the Russian services of the "Voice of America." Is N.A.T.O., *Combat* asked, now going to have a Committee for Un-Atlantic Activities attached to it?

BELFAST

Back to the Thirties?

A Belfast Correspondent writes: The last official return showed that on April 21 there were 50,000 men and women—over 10 per cent. of the insured population—unemployed in Northern Ireland. Since then, about 5,000 men engaged on road work have been paid off, and Courtaulds' rayon factory near Carrickfergus is to close for a month on May 16—adding another 800 workers to the queue at the Exchanges. In the inter-war period unemployment was always more serious in Ulster than in Britain, and since the war it has never fallen below 6 per cent. To-day, the post-war boom in textiles is over, and the linen industry is being hard pressed by the competition of newer fabrics; shipbuilding orders are dwindling; and, though agriculture is still reasonably prosperous, farming here is mostly a family business and can do little to mop up a pool of urban unemployed.

The Government has set up a Cabinet Committee on unemployment, but the names of its members have not been disclosed and Ministers say soothingly that "everything possible is being done." The Minister of Finance, now in Canada, is said to be seeking new outlets for Ulster industry, but the Government has no real policy for unemployment. It has staked heavily on the establishment of new industries, but these have provided only 25,000 new jobs since the war. Its guiding principle has been "the maximum of assistance with the minimum of interference," but it has never accepted the principle that it is the Government's function to provide jobs.

The Northern Ireland Labour Party has a programme, which includes demands that steel for export be given local priority over steel for rearmament, that a Working Party be set up to investigate Ulster textiles, and that constructive assistance be given to agriculture. There is no reason, it is argued, why Ulster should not oust Denmark as Britain's supplier of butter, eggs and bacon. Meanwhile, Labour is campaigning for more sympathetic treatment of the unemployed. Under the present Tory administration, men may be directed to seek work in England, whatever their family circumstances, under penalty of forfeiting benefits; and in many cases payments are reduced, after long unemployment, on the ground that the beneficiary's situation is *deemed* to have changed.

The recent visit to London of nearly half the Ulster Cabinet—"in quest of work" as one Belfast newspaper put it—seems to have borne little fruit, so far as the unemployed are concerned. Mr. Churchill appears to have promised merely new slips for the building of small naval craft in Belfast shipyards and the lengthening of the runway at the airport. Not much comfort in a situation in which thousands of workers are beginning to wonder if Ulster is not going back to the conditions of the Thirties.

WESTMINSTER

A Missed Opportunity

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The resignation of the Minister of Transport gave Mr. Churchill the opportunity of reinforcing his storm-tossed Administration. Mr. Macleod's appointment to the Ministry of Health was a step in the right direction. The new Minister, a modest, intelligent man, would be the first to admit that he has not yet earned the reputation which some of his supporting newspapers have given him. But none of the available back-benchers has better qualifications, and the appointment has been well received. Mr. Crookshank, who has shown in this Parliament that he has not the capacity to combine with departmental cares the peculiar mixture of leadership, toughness and diplomacy required of a successful Leader of the House, has been relieved of the responsibility of a Ministry. Now he can concentrate on a single job, he will probably make a go of it—and most members, irritated by the muddles of the last few months, will be thankful if he does. The remaining two changes are less helpful. Mr. Lennox-Boyd, at the Ministry of Transport, is a tough, ambitious party man, principally known as one of the most prominent British supporters of General Franco. His undoubted enthusiasm for the Government's transport policy is the only advantage he possesses over his more knowledgeable predecessor. Mr. Hopkinson, an amiable, polished nonentity, will smooth his way into the departmental machine of the Colonial office as effortlessly and soundlessly as he has glided out of the Department of Overseas Trade. All in all, Mr. Churchill seems to have missed his opportunity to appease the growing unrest on the benches behind him.

Meanwhile, this week's meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party resumed its adjourned discussions on Germany. After speeches by Mr. Dalton and Mr. Attlee, and pregnant silence from a number of others who opposed them, a decision was reached—unanimously according to the official handout, *nem con* as reported by those present—to support the policy statement of the National Executive. The great majority of members, relieved that a decision has been reached, are content to accept it and interpret it according to their own convictions.

Inside the Commons, the main business these days is the committee stage of the Finance Bill. Mr. Butler has met, so far on a broad shield, most of the brickbats skilfully shied at him by Mr. Gaitskell, Mr. Jay, Mr. Harold Wilson, Mr. Eric Fletcher, and a score of competent back-benchers. The Opposition have made minor tactical gains, but there have been no surprises. Indeed, so little chance do some Labour members see of scoring a big success on the Finance Bill that over a hundred were absent during last Tuesday's late sitting to discuss the Purchase Tax, in spite of a three-line whip.

On Friday last, Mr. Harold Lever's valuable Libel Bill, much desired by many members and all newspapers (including the *N.S. & N.*), nearly came to grief, unable to complete its report stage in the allotted time owing to the objections of Mr. Sidney Silverman, Sir Lyn Ungoed-Thomas and others. There is a good chance, however, that the Attorney-General will find the extra time necessary to complete its passage through the Commons—in return for certain surgical operations to fit the Bill, considerably amended in Committee, to the Government's more orthodox requirements.

The Clash of Transport and Power

THE Government's transport proposals—they do not amount to a plan—are based on the assumption, baldly stated but never argued, that the integration of Road and Rail is impracticable and, in any case, undesirable. It would scarcely be possible to find a reputable and independent expert who would not assert exactly the reverse. One of the classical statements of the case is by Lord Leathers, who, as Minister of War Transport in 1944 when his political commitments were somewhat different from to-day, said:

> Time and war have shown how necessary it is to regard the various means of transport not as units, but as component parts of a vital, national service. I hope that the same sense of unity will persist among operators when the war is over, for it is only by retaining this conception of transport that we shall provide the cheap and efficient service on which the restoration of trade . . . depends.

Lord Leathers owes it to his reputation to-day to produce far more convincing reasons for his apparent change of view than those put forward in the White Paper.

It is true that the process of creating an integrated service has made slow progress. It is a task of great administrative complexity, and one which has been made more difficult both by the suspicions of the unions and by the deliberate obstruction of the privately owned road haulage industry and its Conservative remittance-men. It may be that the Transport Commission, no less than the unions and the hauliers, needs a taste of the whip to urge it on. What is certain is that, so far, integration has neither been given an adequate trial, nor has it failed. If the Government were in any sense genuine in its professed concern for "better and cheaper transport," it would immediately set about strengthening the Commission to speed up the work of integration.

In fact it is going to do exactly the opposite. The assets of the Road Haulage Executive are to be broken up into "operable units" and sold by open tender, almost certainly at knock-down prices. The Executive will thus be left with only the unremunerative surplus; the railways will be faced for the first time since 1947, and perhaps to a greater extent than at any time since 1933, with uncontrolled competition from the roads; and the members of the Road Haulage Association, rewarded for their political virtue, will be left with the best of the pickings from which to maintain their substantial contributions to Lord Woolton's political fund.

If there were any indication that this set-up was likely to lead to an efficient transport system, the public might find the *douceur* to the road hauliers less intolerable. But every argument from theory or experience is against it. The railways will become inevitably, unless the Government is prepared to free them of their uneconomic "social" obligations, a progressively heavy burden on the taxpayer; while the roads will absorb a bigger and bigger investment, much of it in dollar-costing or dollar-earning materials. Moreover, road charges are almost certain to increase. To meet both the loss which the Road Haulage Executive will incur by the forced sale of its vehicles and the increased deficit of the railways as they begin to lose the profitable traffic, an annual levy of £4m. is to be made on the road haulage industry. But does anybody believe that this will be adequate for its purpose? One expert view is that a better estimate would be about £10m. a year, rising as the railway traffic becomes less remunerative. The amount of the levy, whatever it is, will, in the long run, be met by increased charges on road users. So the public gets the worst of both worlds: the real economies of integration are thrown away, and the consumer will have to pay, both as traveller and taxpayer, for the resultant losses on the railways.

A constant feature of Tory propaganda in recent years has been the charge that British Road Services have not been competitive with the privately owned haulage industry. This unsubstantiated charge is repeated in the White Paper. It is, we believe, untrue and designed only to discredit the principle of public ownership. British Road Services have, for instance, reduced the proportion of empty running from about 40 per cent, under private enterprise, to less than 20 per cent. The industry is, to quote the *Economist* of December, 1950:

> Reasonably flexible and realistically decentralised. . . . There is in practice a useful degree of local decision and a welcome absence of hard and fast bureaucratic regulations. . . . Group managers fix wages, seek out new customers and work out their own schemes for the improvement of public road haulage services in their areas.

Moreover, British Road Services are in fact being run very largely by the most successful operators from the once privately owned industry. This may be a mixed blessing, but it answers the fabricated charges of incompetence. All evidence is that the publicly owned haulage industry is fully capable of competing with the private operators. Where it has not done so, it is because it has set itself higher standards of maintenance and safety, or because, for reasons of genuine economy, it has chosen to offer a less wasteful form of service. If the Government really believed—against every responsible opinion—that the whole trend of expert thought on Transport over the last 20 years has been unsound, and that the case is technically established for a return to the long discredited method of unbridled competition between Road and Rail, it could achieve its ends by abolishing merely the Transport Commission itself and instructing the Road Haulage Executive to go all out against all comers—including the Railways, which could have equal freedom to fight back. Many proved men among the management of British Road Services would be only too glad of the chance to show what they could do.

It almost passes belief that the Government have, in fact, at no stage even inquired the views of the Road Haulage Executive on transport policy. The conclusion is inescapable that the Government's real concern is with power and not with Transport. Shaken in his authority by many examples of incompetence, and panic-stricken by the County Council elections, Mr. Churchill has decided on a desperate stroke to pacify his disgruntled back-benchers and rally his flagging support in the country. It sheds an ironical light on Lord Leathers's title as co-ordinator of "Transport and Power" that he should lend himself to such a project. The White Paper has been almost universally condemned by responsible commentators as a slovenly, ill-digested, irresponsible document. It is totally divorced from the serious problems of cost, efficiency and social need which the Transport Commission was beginning, albeit slowly, to face and solve. That it will fail in its purpose of bolstering up Mr. Churchill's party fortunes is immaterial. What matters is the damage it will do to the progressive efficiency of British industry and the social needs of British people.

London Diary

THE dispute between Mr. D. C. Thomson and Natsopa, now being considered by the High Court, has assumed an importance which touches all trade unionists and Socialists. Apart from the direct issues involved for Thomson's employees (and here the Minister of Labour has properly intervened with the appointment of a Court of Inquiry), the accusation that Mr. Deakin and his colleagues are guilty of criminal conspiracy raises the whole question of the legality of sympathetic strikes. It is, of course, impossible to comment on the merits of the case while it is still *sub judice*. But it is fair to observe that since the repeal of the 1927 Trades Disputes Act (and, incidentally, of the notorious Regulation 1305) the law in this matter is somewhat obscure, and the Court's decision will be of immense public importance. Not for many years has the right of sympathetic action in support of a strike against an *employer's* closed shop been tested in the courts; and if it is held that the actions of the Transport and General Workers Union are in fact illegal, trade unionists will have the support of the whole Labour movement in demanding that the law be changed. Quite apart from the circumstances of the present action, a Tory Government in office is sufficient to arouse, among trade unionists, fears of reactionary policy in industry. If it were decided that sympathetic action to estabish the right of joining a union was illegal, this would strike at the very roots of trade union solidarity and would create a situation which trade unionists could not tolerate. Sir Walter Monckton, an intelligent and capable Minister of Labour, realises, I'm sure, that on this matter the unions will accept no compromise. The duty of the courts is to establish the law and to enforce it. It is the duty of Parliament, where the necessity arises, to change it.

* * *

What a contrast is the press treatment of this year's local elections with the sensationalism of 1947 and 1949. Newspaper readers were then invited to believe that a popular Tory revolution had taken place. This time the importance has been played right down, though one London evening paper so far forgot itself as to refer to "Labour" instead of "Socialist" gains. The elections of '47 and '49 were won because, broadly speaking, Tories went to the polls in full strength and Labour supporters did not. This time something rather different seems to have happened. In one town where I

have been able to study comparative figures in some detail, the Tory vote has been pretty well sustained, but Labour voters have turned out as never before in a local election. In seven out of the ten wards concerned, the 1952 Labour vote would have been sufficient to defeat the Tories in 1949. This pattern seems to be fairly general. I doubt if there is a case on record of a Government rousing the electorate against it quite so quickly as the present one. Not only have marginal areas swung decisively to Labour, but there has been Red penetration in towns and villages which have always been accounted a fast, unfading Blue. Results such as Hedingham, Essex, which now has a Labour County Councillor, and Wilton, where the Countess of Pembroke was just defeated by a local Socialist, indicate a crumbling in the fabric of feudal England even where it seemed most solid. Not even Labour's present success is a certain indication of an impending Parliamentary triumph; but the relatively high poll justifies Morgan Phillips's comment that Mr. Churchill has been served with Notice to Quit.

* * *

A correspondent in Nyasaland draws my attention to the difficulty which serious students have to face in obtaining books on Communism. In a recent instance an organiser of libraries and discussion groups sought to acquire some of the basic Left-wing literature necessary to any student of politics. His inquiries came to the ears of the Colonial Office and were followed by an investigation into his loyalty. This was in the end established; but he did not get the books he needed. These restrictions are not confined to Nyasaland, though they seem to vary from colony to colony. Nigeria and the Gold Coast, for instance, though next-door neighbours and both moving fast towards self-government, apply different standards. The ban on "subversive literature" that was imposed in the Gold Coast before the Convention People's Party came to power is still apparently in full force. Yet in neighbouring Nigeria, where the urban and educated population—and therefore the number of likely subversives—is much larger, I can find no evidence of a ban of comparable severity. What nonsense it all is. Even if such restrictions were proper in dealing with people whom the Colonial Office is supposed to be leading to independence and political responsibility, they could not be effective. The books, in fact, are smuggled in by students and others returning from England; and the dreariest of Communist publications, which on a free market would be almost unsellable, acquire the glamour of forbidden fruit.

* * *

I am not surprised to see that Lady Megan Lloyd George is not standing again for the vice-Presidency of the Liberal Party. Her position has been a difficult one for several years. Able, energetic and passionately radical, she must have found it hard and humiliating to follow the gyrations of Clement Davies and his little group of hollow men in their effort to hang on to the Tory tail without losing their traditionally Liberal seats in Parliament. Between 1945 and 1951 she did a great deal to remind Parliamentary Liberals that they had at least a progressive tradition behind them; but in the last couple of years her influence had waned and, significantly, both she and her fellow radical, Emrys Roberts, lost their seats to Labour in 1951. Will Lady Megan now join the Labour Party? Not, probably, for the present; though I shall be surprised if she does not eventually realise that it is her inevitable place. When she does she will find herself naturally far to the Left of many of the Party's leaders. As a libertarian, and in no sense a fellow traveller of the Communists, she might expect to find herself in the Bevanite camp on many issues. It is to be hoped that she can bring herself to make the jump before too long. She is far too able and public-spirited to be encouraged to retire indefinitely in her Anglesey retreat, and far too progressive to allow herself to be dragged down into the crypto-Tory *demi-monde* of A. J. Cummings and Philip Fothergill.

* * *

Somewhere between the indiscretion of saying too much and the insolence of saying nothing at all, the path of legal loquacity runs safe and inconspicuous for the ordinary man. The judges and the magistrates are constantly dealing with people who say too much. Much more rarely, they find a man before them who utters no sound; and they proceed to find out whether he is insolent or dumb, "mute of malice" or "mute of the visitation of God." In a recent case a Polish defendant last opened his mouth to speak exactly six weeks before trial, when he said "Oh?" to a policeman's accusation of theft. Was he playing possum, or was he really dumb? Our forbears would have settled this, in the great tradition of the common law, by patiently crushing him to death under a growing pile of weights (the *peine forte et dure*); the theory being that a prisoner who really could speak would do so before it got too heavy. To-day, it is a question for a jury, which is empanelled there and then from among the people present in court. If the evidence satisfies the jury that the dumbness is not feigned, the further question arises whether the defendant will be able to understand subsequent proceedings. But if they decide that he is "mute of malice," then the trial goes on as if he had pleaded "not guilty." London Sessions decided that the silent Pole could talk if he would, found him guilty, and gave him six months. The world is overfull of people who talk too much; but you can, I suppose, talk too little.

* * *

I can recall very few English summers which have not begun with a public searching of the national conscience about the decline of Cricket. This year the Cassandras have been in better voice than usual. I remain undisturbed. Cricket, like the pound, the younger generation and the Poetic Muse, has been in a state of decay for as long as anybody can remember. The current outcry arises, I suspect, from those who would see this gentlemanly, pastoral game transformed into a great public spectacle like professional football. Such men are false prophets. Cricket is the game which above all others pays respect to the dwindling joys of leisure. Its patrons are grave, responsible citizens of all classes who can circumvent their employers (on weekdays) and their wives (at week-ends) and permit themselves the gentle discipline of whole days of recumbent contemplation in the fresh air, purified by other men's toil, soothed by the gentle thud of ball on pad and roused, not too frequently, by moments of incommunicable excitement. Never was there such a jolly way of diverting the most respectable members of the community from the harm they would otherwise be doing. I hope the sharks of the entertainment world will leave it alone. They do not understand the pursuit of leisure, and I cheerfully warn them that they are likely to lose their money. FLAVUS

SINCERITY

"It is . . . an offer . . . which the Communists could accept . . . provided they are no less sincere than the U.N. Command in their wish for a settlement."—*Mr. Eden, May 7.*

In Korea are the Communists sincere?
Do they contemplate an armistice sincerely?
At Panmunjon agreement has seemed near,
But Talks are broken off with some excuse
When difference is reconciled so nearly.
Is ultimate consent the Communists' intent,
Are their moves sincerely meant to make a truce?

In Korea are Uno Generals sincere?
Wholehearted in their peacemaking endeavour?
Will they unwaveringly persevere,
Regardless of the enemy's abuse,
Though Talks and deadlocks should drag on for ever?
If Communists, they say, were but sincere as they,
There'd be no more delay about a truce.

In Korea, if peacemakers are sincere
And confident of mutual sincerity,
Why does all hope of concord disappear
In arguments abusive and diffuse,
Why are the terms not settled with celerity?
Is there reason to suspect, as proposals they reject
They sincerely don't expect to make a truce?

If both sides in Korea are sincere,
And by concessions make their contribution,
Their joint manœuvres look extremely queer.
Why does negotiation not produce,
Instead of ultimatums, a solution?
If they mutually desire an immediate cease-fire,
With sincerity entire—then why no truce?

In Korea *both* belligerents are sincere—
Their standard of sincerity is equal.
But since the course of battle makes it clear,
Though either side their forces should let loose,
A stalemate in the field would be the sequel,
The Talks they will not end, nor full-scale war extend,
But sincerely *both* intend to *win the truce.*

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The piper at the head of the Bank of England picket, furnished by the Scots Guards, marching past *The Times* office began to play what many who listened recognized as the chorus of the American song, "Yankee Doodle Dandy." . . . he followed this tune with that of the United States Marines chorus, "Montezuma."—*The Times.* (A. Carlebach.)

Among the first-flowering rhododendrons the peacocks squawked with the raucousness of matingtime. It was the right setting for boys and girls to get to know each other.—*Picture Post.* (A. Hollins.)

Thirty-eight uniformed Girl Guides chased a man for 60 minutes through the streets of Beckenham, Kent, last night after he had stolen a coat from the hall in which the girls were having their weekly meeting.—*Scottish Daily Mail.* (J. Lauder Kinvig.)

China Lobby

"THE China Lobby" is now as much a part of our political demonology as "Wall Street," or as the "Cliveden Set" was before the war. Yet, though its powers are known to be great, they are seldom clearly defined. The operations of the Chinese Nationalists in the U.S. are largely clandestine; and their secrecy is protected by money, by the laws of libel, and by the present political situation. It is only recently, in two remarkable issues of the New York *Reporter*, that a courageous attempt has been made to assess their sinister influence and dubious methods.

There were three stages in the evolution of the China Lobby. First, there was the period—which lasted almost to the end of the war—in which Chiang Kai-shek was accepted as the heroic leader of resistance to the Japanese. Secondly, there were the post-war years when the corruption, inefficiency and decay of the Kuomintang regime became generally known, and when U.S. policy towards China was indecisive. Finally, there was Chiang's defeat on the Chinese mainland. And it was then, after 1948, that the China Lobby really began to operate, when there was nothing left of the China it represented but a rump government on Formosa.

Until the closing months of the war, there was no need for the Chinese Government to do more than any other allied Power to secure its share of American aid. There was a fund of sentiment for China; there were relief and economic assistance grants; there were arms; and there was President Roosevelt's desire to make China a Great Power. Even then, however, the Kuomintang leaders—especially the immensely rich Soong and Kung families—were manipulating the exchanges for the benefit of themselves and certain American friends, arranging trading and transport concessions and refusing to make the reforms their regime needed if it was to survive.

But there was still no China Lobby. There were some influential politicians and military men who were passionate admirers of Chiang—with General MacArthur, the main hero of the "Pacific-Firsters." And there were little men, peddling smear-sheets that denounced "Communists" in the Administration, blaming Chiang's failures upon a Red conspiracy in the State Department. Again, there were the wealthy Chinese Nationalists, now more anxious than ever to subsidise and influence anyone who would shout loudly for increased help to Chiang. And there was a small group with definite economic stakes in the survival of Chiang's China. But so far they had not come together.

The change came as the tide began to turn against Chiang. As the Communist armies moved down across China, a coalition was formed. It was this alliance that accomplished the shift from "normal" lobbying techniques to bribery, slander and direct intimidation.

Already, early in 1948, the Nationalists had hired—among others—William J. Goodwin as a paid lobbyist at a fee of $30,000 a year. Mr. Goodwin, who is at present working as one of Senator Taft's campaign strategists in New York, is an erstwhile Christian Fronter, who had threatened that aid to Britain in 1941 would mean civil war in America. His task was to dine, wine and otherwise entertain members of Congress, and he has himself claimed that he "converted" at least fifty Congressmen to aid for Chiang in his first year. He also admits that he "helped materially" to lay the groundwork for Senator McCarthy's later attacks upon the State Department. Nationalist money was used in other ways. The *Reporter* describes how Bank of China funds were used to defeat Helen Douglas in the California Senate election in 1950. This was not an isolated example. Many palms itched for the millions that the Nationalists had salted away.

There were, however, amateur enthusiasts for Chiang. Mr. Alfred Kohlberg, for instance, an importer of Chinese lace, had been crying the Communist wolf for years before he suddenly found an ally in Senator McCarthy. On February 9, 1950, the Senator had made his now famous speech, alleging that he had a list of 250 Communists in the State Department. His farrago had been hashed up from material collected by William Goodwin, from articles by Alfred Kohlberg, and from old Congressional inquiries. When, shortly after this speech, McCarthy met Kohlberg, the Senator badly needed the dossiers Kohlberg had compiled. It was an ideal alliance. Kohlberg had the ammunition and no outlet: McCarthy had the headlines and nothing with which to support them. Indeed, many of the allegations against men like Owen Lattimore, and bodies such as the Institute of Pacific Relations, which have been the stock-in-trade of the witch-hunt for the past two years, can be traced directly back to charges first made years ago by Kohlberg and his American China Policy Association.

McCarthy has become the China Lobby's spokesman in the Senate, but he has had warm support from such old-time friends of Chiang as Senators Knowland, Wherry, Bridges and McCarran. And the little men, of whom nobody took notice four years ago, have now achieved a new status as experts and have attracted to them such ex-Communists as Louis Budenz, who with Freda Utley has made a speciality of testifying in support of Senator McCarthy's fantastic denunciations. A riff-raff of Fascists, anti-Semites, labour spies and Communist renegades have jumped on the bandwagon.

Yet this catalogue of propagandists does not explain why the China Lobby should suddenly have become so important in the U.S. at the moment of Chiang's military defeat in China. In November, 1948, Chiang suffered two disasters. The first—the fall of Mukden—was the harbinger of military collapse, and it was irreparable; the other was the defeat of Governor Dewey in the U.S. elections. Since the Kuomintang was soon little more than a rump regime on Formosa, the only place left for it to fight for its life was the U.S. political arena. What was more natural than to form an alliance with the Republicans who once again had failed to enter the promised land? The two defeated armies had a common target—the Democratic Administration. They could both ascribe the misfortunes of their respective countries to the same cause—a Communist conspiracy. For both groups, the Red Scare was the means to success and power. Here is the political foundation of the China Lobby's influence and success. By a clever combination of blackmail, slander, corruption and political pressure, it has stampeded American opinion and driven any liberal or realistic expert on the Far East out of public life, into silence, or even into open agreement with the policies of the China Lobby.

The course of American policy in the Far East is meaningless unless this is understood. It is the product of this struggle between the Administration and the China Lobby. Of the latter, Max Ascoli wrote after summarising the factual detail that has appeared in the *Reporter*:

> The Lobby now set itself a new, grandiose goal: to undo the Communist conquest of the Chinese mainland. If the United States is dragged into an all-out war with Red China by a public-relations-forged chain of destiny, we might, of course, find ourselves alone and friendless. But that does not worry the China Lobby operators, for in their opinion none of our allies except Chiang is worth much, and Europe is doomed anyway.

The truth is that the trouble with the Chinese Nationalists to-day is not merely that they lobby, but that they are no more than a lobby for a clique on Formosa, allied to the most reactionary and irresponsible section of American politics. No aim is too high for them. They tried to buy General Wedemeyer for five million dollars—and were trenchantly rebuffed; but they managed to employ Admiral Cooke, commander of the U.S. Seventh Fleet in 1947-8, as a purchasing agent, together with sixteen other U.S. officers; and it was Admiral Cooke who persuaded MacArthur to ship munitions to Formosa in 1950.

The fighting in Korea, however, has been a mixed blessing to the China Lobby. It has helped create a climate of opinion in the United States in which their propaganda finds a ready response and it has rehabilitated Chiang. But, for the time being, it made U.S. commitment to a counter-revolutionary invasion of the mainland less likely. If the U.S. had been driven out of Korea, or if the truce talks broke down irrevocably, then the campaign for an all-out attack on China would be nearer success. That is the real objective, and mere blockade or air attack would be only a stage on the way.

Chiang and his allies are right when they say that their real enemies are (or were) in the U.S. Administration. This is not because the American Government is in the grip of a Communist conspiracy—that is a nightmarish reflection of the mental processes of ex-Communists such as Budenz and Utley. It is because the Administration contained realistic and moderate men who understood that Chiang had lost China through corruption, reaction and political idiocy. Now, by means of the China Lobby, the same infections have been carried to the United States. It is a measure of their virulence that President Truman and his colleagues know this, know the secret and sinister truth about the China Lobby and all its ramifications, and yet lack either the courage or the power to expose it.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

The Price of a Leg

IMAGINE a couple of one-legged miners sitting on a bench. Carry coincidence a step farther, and assume that each of these men lost his leg when in charge of a stationary machine underground. One accident took place *since* the introduction of the Industrial Injuries Act of July 1948, the other *before*. Both these men have returned to their old jobs—it is quite possible for a lame man to tend a stationary engine which is situated not too far from the pit bottom—but the miner who was injured last year receives a weekly income of at least £9 10s. 6d., whereas his companion must be content with his wage of £7 0s. 6d.

Examples of this kind illustrate the anomalies at present existing between "Workmens' Compensation" cases and the "Industrial Injuries" beneficiaries; and the two recent Parliamentary debates were rich with case histories of far greater hardships. The new increases in Industrial Injuries benefits due to come into force next July, although welcome, do nothing whatever to benefit persons who come under the old Workmens' Compensation schemes; indeed they widen the gap. The miner who lost his leg last year will be about 10s. per week better off, but the income of his companion remains unchanged; and the numbers of people at present forced to undergo means tests in order to draw Public Assistance are unlikely to decrease. The old Workmens'

Compensation was based upon loss of earnings. So the miner with the older injury received no benefit after he returned to his old job; whereas the recently mutilated man receives 50s. per week for having suffered what is considered to be a ninety per cent. loss of "faculty"; this is paid irrespective of his earning capacity, and over and above his wage, which, for the sake of simplicity I have assumed in both cases to be the basic underground minimum in the industry. Under the Industrial Injuries Act special hardship payments are made to persons forced to take lower paid work as a result of injury.

Although it was three mining M.P.s, Mr. Harold Finch, Mr. S. O. Davies, and Mr. Ronald Williams, who made the most striking and constructive contributions to the debate, this is a problem which is by no means confined to the pits; it affects approximately 100,000 men and women suffering from either injuries or illnesses contracted at work before 1948. The Labour Party is showing its determination, not only that all Health Insurance benefits must be raised, but that injured or sick workers coming under the old Compensation system must be treated as generously as persons liable under the Industrial Injuries Act.

A start has already been made: new legislation which came into force on March 10 will brighten the remaining years of many totally disabled miners. The Act is designed to compensate men totally disabled by pneumoconiosis and other dust diseases, who, for one reason or another were not covered by the Health Insurance Scheme. Its rate of 40s. is based upon the old Workmens' Compensation scale which previously included wife and child allowance, and still lags behind the Industrial Injuries payment. But added to the basic sum are various supplementary payments similar to those of the 1948 Act, such as "constant attendance" allowance. (These, of course, are paid only if other benefits are not being already received.) The scheme is designed to recompense men who may have left the coal or tin mines, slate quarries, etc., as long ago as the early 1930s, but have been working in dust-free conditions ever since. There were many thousands of such men who, driven out of the mining areas through unemployment, were dispersed throughout the country. Although many are by now dead, the number of cases of totally disabled men hitherto without compensation is expected to exceed 2,000. Until the passing of this Act these men were in a desperate plight as they were not entitled to benefit under either Workmens' Compensation or Industrial Injuries. (In some cases payments will be made to the dependants of men who have died.)

Although these payments are a great stride forward, it seems curiously unjust that the Act makes not the slightest provision for *partially* disabled persons in this category. The obstacle is largely administrative and financial. There are probably about 15,000 cases of partially disabled pneumoconiotics who do not come under the Industrial Injuries Act. Each one would have to come up before a Pneumoconiosis Panel for assessment and certification; yet there are only eight Panels in existence and only thirty pneumoconiosis specialists—all of them already working at full capacity dealing with day to day applications. It has been suggested that this particular difficulty could be solved by taking the worst cases first, and working slowly through the lists. With regard to finance—and here I refer not merely to pneumoconiosis cases but to the whole 100,000 Workmens' Compensation "anomalies"—there might be an option to commute existing compensation for a lump sum from the insurance companies (which would be paid into the Industrial Injuries Fund) and then to be assessed as if the injury had taken place since 1948. In the case of partially disabled pneumoconiotics who have received no previous compensation, the money should be provided by the National Coal Board.

Meanwhile, pneumoconiosis continues to be the scourge of the mining industry. "Last year," stated Mr. S. O. Davies, "out of a complement of slightly more than 700,000 engaged in the mining industry . . . . deaths from pneumoconiosis exceeded 800; new certifications in respect of pneumoconiosis numbered about 4,000; and there are probably as many as 20,000 suffering from pneumoconiosis at this moment." Assessment of loss of "faculty" due to the disease is very difficult, and not at present entirely satisfactory. The system is based upon degrees of breathlessness tests; and it is not easy to devise breathing tests that are purely objective. For instance, if a man lives in a hilly district his disablement is likely to be the cause of greater suffering than if he lived on a plain. Some experts believe that improvements can be made by diagnosis by X-ray, but even here the difficulties are manifold; for example, some patients display very little radiographic change and yet may suffer from a serious lack of breath or from other disabling symptoms, while in others the reverse may be true. One problem is to produce a standard set of plates showing the various categories of abnormality found in persons exposed to dust. The Pneumoconiosis Research Unit at Llandough, under the leadership of Dr. Charles Fletcher, is doing this. But even here there are snags. For instance, different X-ray units sometimes vary almost as much does a Leica from an old box camera. For the Llandough sets to be really effective, every hospital using them should be equipped with comparable apparatus and should employ similar radiographic techniques. As it is, doctors vary in their interpretation of plates. This variation could be avoided by comparison with the standard sets.

Payments are made on a basis of "loss of faculty" due to the disease: under 5 per cent., no payment; 5 per cent. to 14 per cent., 4s. 6d. per week; 15 per cent. to 20 per cent., 9s., and so on. At first, the disease causes no disablement; and a young miner certified at the early stages will receive no compensation but will be advised to work in dust-free or approved conditions. (In South Wales, 80 per cent. of faces are now "approved" but dust-suppression is less advanced in other coalfields.) An older man at a later stage of the disease may be advised to leave the industry. (He cannot be forced to do so unless he is suffering from tuberculosis.) There are some people who believe that it is to the young man, who has shown so early that he is susceptible to dust, and is so much easier to train for a different job, that advice to leave should be given, and that the older man could be encouraged safely to stay where he is. For the disease is slow to develop, and an older man finds it almost impossible to learn a new trade; he may well deteriorate both in health and morale should he feel he is "on the scrap heap."

There is indignation among trade unionists at the basic rates of even the increased Industrial Injury benefits. Mr. J. Slater, speaking in the Second Reading debate, said:

> For some time it has been the ultimate object of the miners, as an organisation, that when a man is incapacitated by accident, by industrial disease, or by sickness, he should receive not less than the national minimum wage in the industry . . . . Is it too much to ask the Minister for the Social Insurance benefits to be increased by at least the amount of the cost-of-living index?

Mr. Harold Finch also put in a cogent plea for the "average" partially disabled man. He pointed out that the bulk of injuries and illnesses were assessed at from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. loss of "faculty," and that such people would gain a mere 3s. or so out of the new 10s. increase. The N.U.M.'s desire is for a 50 per cent. increase on the existing rate of 45s. for total disability: this would bring the basic rate up to £3 7s. 6d. for a single man (augmented in the case of miners by another 20s. provided jointly by the N.U.M. and N.C.B.) instead of the 55s. offered by the Government. As things are, it is quite possible for a worker to get a low assessment for "loss of faculty," yet to suffer a disproportionate drop in earnings—or even prolonged unemployment.

HELEN GOSSE

Sigota and the Rice God

SIGOTA set up her little shrine, like a tiered cake-stand, of canes and bamboo leaves, and knelt in the ashes of the fire-cleared jungle. A stake of the wrong colour had crossed the clearing; this meant that the Rice God was ill-tempered and must be appeased, or the longhouse of Riam might go hungry. Perhaps, now the rains were over, he was thirsty; so she must keep him served with water in bamboo bottles—tubes of bamboo, with the knot as the bottom. He certainly was thirsty. A dozen times in the equatorial heat she returned to the shrine to find the bottles empty (by evaporation, not libation) and she would refill them at the gutter of split cane, which brought the water from the mountain spring to the jungle clearing.

Sigota is twelve years of age, a pretty Land Dyak child who shares a common roof with 200 men, women and children of the longhouse, perched on stilts among the jungle treetops of Sarawak. She wears a sarong of Lancashire cotton, and a chromium wrist-watch, although time to her begins when the cock crows under the bamboo deck, as big as a football field, on which the longhouse is built, and ends with the darkness. When, at nightfall, she goes to school in the thatched, open-walled classroom, she does her letters and her sums by the light of a little oil-lamp, but she uses an expensive fountain pen. From the rafters of the longhouse, in pride of place, hangs a new chromium-plated bicycle, brought many days' journey over the rapids by canoe into the heart of a jungle where there are no paths to ride it—a symbol of jungle snobbery akin to the H-aerial on the suburban house that has no television-set.

To get their rice, the Dyaks practise shifting cultivation. Every year they go out and cut down the jungle, setting fire to the undergrowth to get the wood ash for a single crop. Then the men dibble holes in the ashy soil with pointed staves, and the women follow behind with their bags of seeds, dropping a pinch in each hole. They do not cover over the seed: that might give offence to the Rice God, because it would show that they did not trust him; but it needs more and more ritual offerings to persuade him to keep off the birds. At night, jungle noises are drowned in the keening of the women, singing, to the throbbing of the gongs, the Rice Song to Jabu, the Spirit of the Mountain.

To meet the needs of this overcrowded island, the Indonesians are having to import rice. Yet Java is surely the most remarkable example of intensive rice-cultivation in the world—none of the gypsy-casualness of the jungle tribes, shifting

from one primeval jungle stretch to another, depending on the Rice God and the fortuitous dry rice growing, but laborious nursing, and flooding, of every foot of arable soil.

In the hills of Kulumprogo, I witnessed a sight almost unimaginable in the twentieth century: men are constructing a 60-mile-long canal, moving mountains in the process, with nothing but their hands, mattocks, picks and chisels. They have to chip their way for weeks through rocks which dynamite could have shifted in a few minutes. From the depths of the dam swarms of ant-men scurry up bamboo ladders as long as, and infinitely more dangerous than, a city fire-escape. These are not Babylonian slaves but free men, volunteers, and this was their own canal. In these hills there are only coconuts for trade, and tapioca for food. They wanted rice, and the only way to get wet rice was to bring the water into their thirsty mountains from the Progo river. All along the 60-mile stretch the adjoining villages will provide the labour. They are cutting their way to freedom—freedom from hunger but also from the moneylenders. These rice-terraces will start free from the debt which makes most of the Javanese peasants slaves of the moneylenders. Moreover, credit co-operatives are being formed. The Government, too, can help with improved seeds from special breeding stations and with experts to advise on proper management.

Farmers' clubs have been started in Java and I went round them with Singing Supraptor. That is the only way I can distinguish him because in Java they have no first names, nor surnames either—"Supraptor" is just a common *nom de plume*. Singing Supraptor is a graduate in agricultural science, but he knows his people in Central Java. He has turned troubadour or calypso singer, and he goes round the countryside singing his advice to farmers on how to improve their rice. They welcome him as a music-hall turn, who adapts the words of his songs to topicality and locality.

> Our rice must be planted in rows
> With manure to make sure that it grows
> We must pick the best seeds
> And hoe out the weeds . . .

And so he goes on through tune after tune, but always with choruses of instructions which will ring in the rice-peasant's head long after Singing Supraptor has moved on.

In Thailand, Burma, India, Pakistan and Afghanistan I have watched the struggle for rice. It might seem a losing battle. Rice provides three-quarters of the food of Asia; its production is still 2½ per cent. below pre-war, while the population has increased by over 10 per cent. When farmers are faced with conditions threatening hunger, they turn to starchy roots like sweet potatoes and yams, and let rice go out of cultivation. Rice-growing is a difficult problem; it is so much a manual job. Machines can help by ploughing, preparing and grading the land. They might help with the making of irrigation canals and dykes, but the rice process is one which consists of transplanting seedlings, stem by stem, in the wet paddyfields. It needs a great many hands for the transplanting and the reaping.

Any improvements in rice-cultivation, and all that that means to the hungry millions of Asia, must depend, therefore, on how far new methods can convince the peasants, tradition-ridden and largely illiterate. Much can be done indirectly by removing the burden of disease. But until new lands are opened up for cultivation—and the Colombo Plan envisages 13 million more acres under cultivation and 13 million more acres under irrigation in the countries included in the Plan—the increased yields will have to come from existing acreage.

That is entirely feasible. At Cuttack, in Orissa, I visited the International Rice Research Station. This was a heartening experience because here, under the sponsorship of F.A.O., the Indian Government has joined forces with nine other Asian countries to produce new hybrid strains of rice with greater stamina and yield. At Cuttack also they are successfully dealing with the hitherto difficult problem of using artificial fertilisers in the rice-fields. One of the reasons for past failures has been that people have tried to apply dry-farming fertiliser methods to wet-farming, with poor results because of the different chemical reaction under water. They have now found that by introducing the fertilisers at a deeper layer they can get an increased yield of over 25 per cent.

Singing Supraptor has his indispensable value; so has the research scientist, but it has got to be a marriage between tradition and technology. The former has to be converted from traditional methods that have gone bad but the scientist has to respect the traditional methods that are good. He has got to know what he is changing before he changes it.

RITCHIE CALDER

Island Profile

DERVAIG, whence I write, consists of a double row of small white houses set close to the bank of a sea loch, with sheltering hills behind. At my back stretches the island of Mull, the innermost of the Hebrides and a pleasant place in which to live. My fellow-islanders are kind, competent, well educated and sensible. They love singing, they dance well, and they appreciate poetry. They are at home in small boats on rough seas around rocky coasts, and the care of cattle comes naturally to them. If they do not like work for its own sake, it is in the main because they have always a use for their time.

Tobermory, the capital of the island, was enlarged late in the 18th century in the hope that it would become an important fishing centre. But though the bay in times of storm is filled with trawlers and drifters, sheltering under the lee of Calve Island, the venture came to nothing. To-day Tobermory depends on the tourist trade and the purchasing power of the islanders themselves. They, in turn, depend for their livelihood on farming, a little fishing, rabbit-catching and odd jobs. Forestry—the felling of trees on estates that have come under the hammer—and the maintenance of the recent Forestry Commission plantations, occupy a few. The Post Office, the Electricity Board, the building trade, lorry transport, and, of course, hotels for the tourist, employ a few more. On the surface they may strike the observer as living well, and their social life is rich in music and dancing; but under it all is a story of dereliction, under-population, and despair.

At best the island is not fertile; but its rough grazings can carry a heavy stock of breeding cattle and sheep. Freight charges, however, make the normal system of competitive farming uneconomic; everything, from a box of matches to an agricural implement, bears this extra charge—and all stock sales at the Oban market carry the weight of this deduction. In terms of cash, Mull is not an economic proposition. Only sheep pay; and not only is the land sick of sheep, but every choked drain, tumbled dyke, and acre of bracken bears witness how little routine farm work can be done by the few hands that are required to work only sheep.

Before 1745, the island, organised upon the clan system under which every family held its land by hereditary right, carried such a population as could muster 1,100 fighting men at short notice. After 1745 came new owners of the land, and the introduction of short leases in place of the former hereditary rights. These new owners had acquired southern ideas of luxury, and needed cash; they quickly found it more profitable to evict the indigenous peasantry, to create sheep runs and deer forests, and to let large tracts of land to single tenants rather than to collect many small rents from their crofters. In 1836 and 1846 followed famines, and, with but few exceptions, the land-owners made full use of the opportunity to be rid of their unwanted peasantry. Ships, mostly old hulks, removed these unfortunates to America, Canada, and other foreign places, under appalling conditions of misery and disease, and much was made of the story that the Highlands were incapable of supporting their population by those who wanted rid of this population.

A century ago the village of Dervaig still contained 26 crofting families, who between them owned 56 cows, a bull, and 28 horses. They held a considerable area of hill grazing, a little arable and their houses, under Hugh, 15th Laird of Coll. At the Crofter's Commission held in Tobermory in 1883, evidence was given that they were a happy community under this regime. In 1857, however, the Estate of Quinish, which included the village of Dervaig, was sold to a newcomer. This man, according to the same evidence, took over their grazing on the pretext that he wished to improve it, and then return it to the crofters in better condition. Later he is said to have taken over their stock at his own valuation, and certainly to-day Dervaig has no land to farm as a community—its inhabitants are entirely dependent upon such local work as they can find.

At this same Commission, evidence was given that 327 families, mostly of the crofting type, had been evicted from the northern half of the island. To-day the hills and glens are dotted with the skeleton remains of crofts and hamlets. Crude and insanitary as they appear to the modern eye, they none the less bear witness to the former existence of a dignified civilisation capable of evolution into something better. Indeed, about 1870, the island began to prosper once more under a regime of rich men who bought up large estates, built themselves castles, and settled down to enjoy the life as lairds. But the economic results of two great wars have put a stop to this artificial prosperity. Mull to-day is faced with final ruin; it is mostly old men, many of them pensioners, who inhabit such crofts as remain; the young men generally leave the island.

Yet this island, which is representative of the state of the whole Highlands, is worth saving. Not only does it offer a way of life that it is good to live, not only could it house and feed perhaps 8,000 more than it does, but, now that the 50 millions who inhabit the British Isles must look more than formerly to their own soil for food, it could be developed for the profitable production of cattle, sheep, timber—and whisky. There is, however, no Act of Parliament, no loan of money, and no scheme for introducing a new population that could succeed in reclaiming the present dereliction. In view of the difficulty of communications, the introduction of "light industry" would be folly. Men unused to the climate and life of the Hebrides would never flourish among the gales, heavy rainfall (about 80in. in a year), bad roads, absence of cinemas, short winter days and long winter nights. Only the true islander, born to small boats and hills, can thrive; only he is capable of appreciating the wild beauty and poetry of living which the island offers as an alternative to a more sophisticated civilisation. If there is to be a revival, it can come only slowly, and it can come through only such measures as will encourage the young men and women to stay where

MAY RECORDS

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES
and GERALD MOORE
Von ewiger Liebe Op. 43 No. 1 (*Brahms*)
Der Nussbaum Op. 25 No. 3 (*Schumann*)
DB21457

VICTOR SCHIÖLER
32 Variations in C minor (*Beethoven*)
Pastorale and Capriccio (*D. Scarlatti*)
Fourth side
DB2016/7-64 *Auto Couplings only*

FERNANDO GERMANI
(ORGAN SOLO)
Recorded in Westminster Cathedral, London
Toccata and Fugue in D minor
("Dorian") (*Bach*)
C7918-19 *Auto Couplings only*

MARIO DEL MONACO
and MILAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Niun mi tema "Otello" (Act 4) (*Verdi*)
Recit.: Recitar!
Aria: Vesti la giubba "I Pagliacci" (Act 1)
(*Leoncavallo*) DB21452

"His Master's Voice"

The Hallmark of Quality

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED
HAYES, MIDDLESEX

There's a HARVEST of HEALTH in Barley Water

Last ball before lunch, Sir
says OLD BETHERS

That's my cue to set up thirteen large, refreshing glasses of Robinson's Barley Water. The rest of the batting side, Sir? Why, they've been enjoying Robinson's all morning! I can see the umpires heading this way too — trust them to make a good decision.

Robinson's
Lemon or Orange
BARLEY WATER

How many S's in fashion?

There are *three*, so far as your retailer of textiles is concerned, for he must meet his customers' requirements in Size, in Style and in Shade. That he can do so successfully is largely due to the W.T.A. Wholesaler, who enables him to offer his customers a choice of the finest products from many factories all over the country.

WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION

DISTRIBUTION FOR THE NATION IS CARRIED OUT BY MEMBERS OF THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION

THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION,
75 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

NEWS FROM THE FISHING INDUSTRY

Ceaseless efforts to improve quality

Any measure that might conceivably raise the quality of fish is most carefully studied and tested by the Fishing Industry. During the last two years great strides have been made, and there can be scarcely a housewife who has not noticed the general improvement. But there is no slackening in the Industry's efforts to bring the public still finer, fresher fish. For instance, at this very moment, scores of trawlers are using and reporting on a new fish-washing machine invented by a Trawler Skipper.

This machine consists of a metal bath that runs on tramlines along the trawler's deck to whichever hatch is being used. Powerful jets play into the bath to maintain a depth of some 15 inches of violently agitated sea water. The fish are tossed in the instant they are gutted and are thus washed more speedily and more effectively, both inside and out, than would otherwise be possible.

British trawlers know their job!

Issued by the British Trawlers' Federation Limited

they are, and rear children to the life. A near neighbour of the writer's was one of fourteen children; those fourteen have between them one grandchild. This is a tendency that must be reversed, and which can only be reversed through action by the State.

Competitive farming or crofting cannot succeed: there is too little fertility, and there are too many transport problems. There must eventually arise a modern system remarkably similar to that which was destroyed in 1745; but, since this certainly involves a complete revision of the system of land-tenure, it is not at present practical politics. On a short-term view there is much to be said for the reintroduction of home-killing of meat for home consumption; this would save the present double freight on livestock and carcases going to the market, and returning from the butcher. But if the Government really wanted to give a fillip to the economy of Mull and the Highlands quickly it would evolve a new fiscal policy in relation to whisky.

I am not suggesting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be asked to forgo a single dollar from export sales, or any of the tax revenue derived from whisky outside the bankrupt Highlands. There is, however, a strong argument for asking him to remove the Excise duty (£10 10s. on every gallon, which could be sold profitably at 12s. 6d.), on locally produced malt whisky that is to be sold and drunk only in the Highlands. Such is my belief in the character of the Highlander that I am convinced, once he knew that it was not to the advantage of his land to have smuggling and racketeering, there would be none. As it is, whisky, because of its price, is virtually unobtainable by the Highland working man; yet it is to his social life what beer and tea are to the English, or what wine is to the French. To deprive by taxation a whole countryside of its natural drink is not, in terms of human happiness, a joke. Moreover, apart from the question of morale, the benefit to agriculture would be great: crofters would once more begin to grow barley, and would learn to dry their grain, as do the Norwegians, in rough shelters designed for the purpose. Further, pigs and poultry would become a profitable undertaking because of barley tailings that would be available free of freight charges.

A Kirk statistical survey made in the 19th century points out that the arable land of Mull will return 16 to 1 on barley, and only 3 to 1 on oats. This survey goes on to deplore that the islanders can find no better use for their barley than to make whisky of it! It must follow, however, that if more corn is grown, for whatever reason, there will be more straw for out-wintering beef cattle; and if more corn is profitably grown, and more cattle are wintered, it must follow that more men will be required on the holdings. If the drift from the Highlands is to be arrested, it is in better use of the Highlands' unique asset, malt whisky, that a remedy may have to be sought.

Dervaig, Mull. CAMPBELL K. FINLAY

Receipt of Custom

ONCE I was a pending man. Waiting for something to turn up. So I crept around to an Income Tax office and asked for a job. In this office people sat in comfort doing things with pieces of paper. Office doors would open and elderly gentlemen would come in with forms. They made jokes. I saw a number of elderly gentlemen roaring with laughter over a card index printed all over with numbers. On my first day a quite harmless man wearing rimless glasses stood by my side and said something about the weather. Immediately after he had left, three men sitting at my desk leant over towards me and told me not to trust him. A jolly-looking woman in charge of some department or other, who had seen me talking to the three men, told me on no account to trust them. Then the head of the department told me not to talk. It was like Russia.

The head, a Mr. Beamish, looked like a merry uncle, but he lived in a sort of glass partition in the centre of the room, and watched. He was psychic. He could tell at a glance when somebody had a vacant mind. Look out, men would say, Beamish is watching. Sometimes there would be a conference in the glass partition, and a number of elderly gentlemen would sit and watch, and sometimes laugh over index cards. The man with the rimless glasses, who was called Mr. Thrush, padded about the room making little inoffensive jokes, and occasionally disappeared into the glass box. The swine, my companions would say. He was the head of the Inland Revenue Tcheka, the dreaded Income Tax Man in Black. At the bottom of the building was a dungeon where men were sent for weeks, even months, to sort out thousands of prehistoric income tax forms. Beach. Beagle. Bean. Beard. Beatleworth.

The department bristled with intrigue and the sort of drama you could expect in a subterranean theatre. A fair man who shed clouds of perfume directed an offensive against a large breezy fat man with rosy cheeks. The breezy fat man was quite high up, he handled special cases concerning superannuated bath attendants in public buildings, but he only turned up occasionally in the office, growing fatter and rosier every day. He had a farm. He ate pigs, chickens, turkeys, mutton and home-made cheeses. When he arrived at the office he made a great deal of noise, rustling tax-forms and questionnaires relating to the dependants (female) of bath attendants, rattling index boxes and shouting out: "What has happened to Beatleworth's schedule?" All the others looked at him with distaste, chained as they were to their desks under the eye of Mr. Beamish. Only a few of them could claim the privilege of going into the glass box and laughing at index cards. The rosy-cheeked farmer could go in whenever he liked, slapping his sides. He came in every Friday with a sack of apples or a fat goose for Mr. Beamish. His only trouble seemed to consist in looking for the schedule of Beatleworth. He stormed about the office, looking for it, and I think it began to worry him a little. Things even went wrong on the farm. It didn't surprise me to hear that the fair, scented man was at the bottom of it all.

After lunch in a Civil Service canteen, I used to go for a walk with another employee called Hansom. He was plump, willowy and had a perm. He was an out-of-work actor, and was therefore a pending man like myself. He talked about Ivor and Larry and Noël. At work he answered the office phone with maternal softness and blushed when Beamish shouted at him through the glass box. He had a very kind heart. I used to watch the sea-gulls up in the smoky sky and think "those sea-gulls are free. They aren't called Caird, Cargill, Carblott, Carter, Carraway."

The most harmless of the buildings looked like Russia, crammed with informers and indexes. Behind the flowers and the smiles sat the neat rats in armbands. After losing a number of forms I was put on the counter to greet clients and find out who should deal with them. I had long conversations with them, and could feel Beamish's eye on the back of my head. By now he must have guessed I was a sea-gull in disguise. He called me into the box and told me to say nothing except good day, what is your name. The only possible outlet for my life-force now consisted in finding clients with improper proper names, preferably indignant ones who were being hopelessly overtaxed. These names I shared with another man called Frost, and we used to go over to the client and look at him.

Frost had started well in the department. He had a distinguished war record and was a pending man, but suddenly he seemed to collapse. His clothes began to hang around him. Once I noticed him looking out of the window watching sea-gulls, and I knew he was waving to himself. We made friends. One day I discovered him in a corner of the department secretly tearing up forms. He saw my surprise. "But, my dear chap, they all do it," he said, stuffing the forms into an envelope and going over to the stove. "Even Thrush does it from time to time." So I started tearing up forms myself. I had left the counter and gone back to a desk, sitting next to Frost, and together we disposed of Dimble, Dimmer, Dinton, Dippleby, Dipsey. But it wasn't enough. Spring was puffing at the forms, and the one pretty girl in the office was singing softly under her breath.

Spring. Men under fifty began opening the windows a little until they were shut by the anger of elderly coughing. Mr. Thrush received travel pamphlets about Lucerne. Plans stirred within me. I waved frantically to myself. You shouldn't be here, cried a bright, eager voice inside me. Where should I be? I asked, crumpling up the remains of Eggot, Endlesham and Ewart. Here, cried the far-away voice like a thin silver trumpet in the heart of a bluebell wood. Or here, it continued, echoing like a ship's siren through morning mist. Or here, it whispered with the voice of Lorelei. I wanted to say something. Make a statement, a small, private golden proclamation to the world's prisoners who could yet escape. I searched my head. Roach, Rodd, Rodders, Rodman, Roe. I had nothing to say. I was about to tear up another form, but I decided to copy it down. I altered the punctuation, and it was published in a poetry magazine. The elderly gentlemen roared with laughter; but the sea-gulls looked aloof and contemptuous about the whole episode. ANTHONY CARSON

The Words

MY son John, who has been going to school for a year, has now learnt all the Words, one after another. At least, all the ones I know. He will sit playing with his little brother, his eyes and hands ostentatiously occupied but his ears pricked sharply in my direction, and casually enunciate the latest of his collection.

Nobody hates the verbal taboos more than I do. I value directness of communication; I am bitterly envious of Geoffrey Chaucer because the centuries have cheated me of his ability to use verbs of elimination as simply and purely as verbs of consumption, without being suspected of either vulgarity or bravado. The childish euphemisms for these functions strike me, even as I am using them, as prissy and ludicrous, on a par with "toosy-pegs" and "beddy-byes." Worse still, there is no standard; and anyone who ventures on a children's party for the very young must be ready to respond to almost any repetitive dissyllable with an undoing of buttons.

Nor are we much better off when we grow up. Our circumlocutions are uniformly clumsy and not seldom misleading. I shall never forget the entry of one bashful G.I. into a respectable working-class home. On asking his hostess "May

I use your bathroom, please?" he was told "No, you can't. We haven't got one," while the two stared at each other in a mutual horror of misunderstanding. And "spend a penny," which has become blessedly current and intelligible in most urban areas, is already menaced by inflation.

So I have no doubt as to what I ought to do when John delivers his would-be bombshells. I have read the works of half a dozen semanticists. Stuart Chase in particular swam into my ken with a great burst of light and liberation, and I joined in his merry laughter at the superstition, the fetichism, of those who could be shocked by the sound of a word and left unmoved by the same idea otherwise expressed. Moreover I have sat at the feet of half a dozen progressive educationalists, one of whom I well remember asserting that the correct treatment of a child that used filthy language was to come back at him with something filthier.

There is one insuperable obstacle to this policy in my case: I simply have not got the vocabulary to outbid the scholars at John's admirable primary school. The truth is, my progressiveness is of the Nonconformist wing. It is the Welsh Socialism of the Solid South. It was bred in a town whose delegates, even to Communist Congresses, dress soberly in navy blue suits ("there is nothing looks so good as a bit of blew") and, travelling in a borrowed car, look askance at the corduroyed, hitch-hiking, University contingents. I fought free of the Band of Hope; I broke loose from the Sunday School; but the taboos of language are still fetters on my tongue.

That in itself would be nothing, but the prejudice against profanity extends itself into a prejudice against the profane. I can take any number of bloodies and buggers in moderation, but move any further down the index and it takes all my strength of will to insulate my estimate of the speaker against the series of shocks he is administering to my conditioned ears. Indeed, it is the only thing in my experience that makes me even remotely able to comprehend (not sympathise with) the frame of mind of the "Anti" School. Some of my best friends say——, but how much easier if they didn't!

Then what am I to do? If I pass on the taboos, I am fastening the fetters on to a mind that might still be free of them; I am communicating what I recognise, in my rational moments, to be a sickness in myself. Also I am helping to condemn another generation to the intolerable awkwardnesses of expression that I resent, to talking about sex in clinical Latin or not at all; for the only hope of rehabilitating the English words (as words *have* been rehabilitated from the vilest associations) is to bring them into the open.

Yet if I let him use them as and when he will I shall have to live day and night with a child—my own child at that—who is "not the kind of person I really like"; while the effect on the neighbourhood (which prefers to keep its cursing clandestine) will be deplorable. Unless, that is, I take up the Pharisaical attitude of "Of course, darling, daddy and I don't mind, but those poor people, they're funny that way. You'll have to humour them." And that is the worst snobbery.

I comfort myself with the reflection that education begins with the grandparents; I am maimed already, and cannot make a perfect job of John, but perhaps I can leave some hope for his children. I shall not, therefore, tell him that the Words are wicked. I shall merely ask him not to use them too often in the presence of people who don't use them themselves, because it makes them feel uncomfortable. Among those people I shall include myself. That will be no more nor less than the Truth.

E. M.

SPEED THE SCRAP

Almost every steel-using firm possesses scrap iron and steel in the form of old plant, redundant buildings, machinery and spares. Every ton of it is wanted back in the steelworks to make the supplies of new steel that your own and other factories need so urgently.

Have a search made on your premises. Make prompt decisions to turn in all the old iron and steel you can find. Scrap merchants are glad to help with dismantling and collection.

THE RAILWAYS GET A MOVE ON

The amount of salvage by the staff of British Railways is enormous and the quantity of iron and steel scrap which they rounded up in 1951 was 644,000 tons.

SPEED THE STEEL

Issued for the STEEL SCRAP DRIVE by the British Iron and Steel Federation, Steel House, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1

S.278

The Arts and Entertainment

BEN NICHOLSON

BEN NICHOLSON is an artist of great distinction and originality, yet of peculiar limitations. One of the extraordinary things about him—and his present exhibition at the Lefevre Gallery bears this out—is that he remains an extremely English artist despite his emulation, at different times, of Cubism and Constructivism. He has what are, in a pictorial sense, typically English gifts: elegance, wit, a literal preciseness, *i.e.*, he likes a sharp pencil; and, in colour, a pale radiance reminiscent of our finest landscape watercolourists—number 1, at first sight, *is* a nineteenth-century watercolour drawing! And his failings are equally English. These include diluted colour which is often only decorative instead of spatial; an almost total lack of plastic strength or weight, together with the weak pulse that usually accompanies this—I mean that his rhythms are hesitant and tend to be superficial; they are manipulated at the picture surface, instead of behind it. In consequence that surface has often only a brittle unity. Rhythm should be a submerged force irresistibly unifying all the pictorial elements from behind, from underneath, but in a Nicholson there is no behind, no depth of recession. For him rhythm is something which skips gaily across the surface, like the 6B pencil line of which he is so fond, cutting across and over the waiting strips of exquisite pale colour.

Sometimes this pencil line—which, like much else in his pictorial repertoire, has been a constant feature of his art, more or less from the beginning—does all the work and can claim all the success. At other times it is his undoing. Like other English painters in whom rhythm is weak, being thought rather than felt (Sutherland, for instance; but not Hitchens) Nicholson resorts to tight unrhythmic detail both in the description of form and in design: this detail (the lines have sometimes some awkward "points" in Nicholson "junctions") an over-busy pencil supplies. On the other hand, his main successes of recent times have been arrived at by the use of predominantly linear means: these too his pencil has created. For instance, a number of pictures in this exhibition consist solely of rhythmic pencilled lines on a single coloured ground. Taking the profile of a mug or jug as a sort of stable archetype, and making it central to the design, he then weaves other lines across and around it which fully or partially echo the lines of the first silhouette.

But it is always the flat profile of an object that Nicholson takes as his archetypal image, never a section, never a more complicated three-quarter view, for that would involve the presentation of solidity; a plastic image would have to be employed, and Nicholson does not command plastic (or sculptural) means. He was never a Cubist; not even before 1933, up to which point his main influence had been Braque. His presentation of the most orthodox Cubist personages—cut-glass tumblers, carafes, guitars, the Ace of Clubs and the Queen of Hearts—was always ideographic rather than plastic. In order to be Cubist (and, therefore, plastic) a work must convey a sense of weight and density, the weight and density of real objects. Nicholson is remote from this sense of reality: his mugs and jugs are airy ghosts of the real jugs and mugs of your kitchen, which are also those of Cubism. Nicholson has none of Braque's intense grip upon the poetic quality of the everyday. If Picasso and Braque portray a real object—and the result is a Cubist mug—Nicholson portrays a Cubist mug—and the result is, therefore, at two removes from reality. Of course there was a long period in his career (1933 to 1945, about) when Nicholson's work was Constructivist, i.e., completely non-figurative. That was the period of his famous white reliefs: at that time he was quite untroubled by the complex problems besetting such a representational art as Cubism. Yet the Cubist criteria once again apply, for, since 1945, Nicholson has aimed increasingly at creating a curious and very personal fusion of a non-figurative, semi-geometric (but not, for that reason, in the least mechanical), architectural content with the chaste, realistic, pencilled profiles of the familiar Cubist mugs, jugs and glass jars. His mugs still have flat looping handles—an aspect of rotund form that would not commend itself so frequently if Nicholson *were* a Cubist, for it denies the sense of volume (profiles occur in Cubist painting in opposition to massive volumes: in Nicholson profiles simply supplement other profiles). Lastly, one further element is most important in his post-1945 development: I mean the intrusion into still-life arrangements of sections filled with realistic landscape.

I believe Ben Nicholson likes to insist upon a connection between the landscape in which he lives (St. Ives, Cornwall) and his painting. The connection is there, and is a strong one; but it is oblique. I mean that it is in his more abstract still lifes, rather than in his overt, and utterly representational, landscapes, that the connection is manifest. When Nicholson attacks landscape direct, giving us a view of St. Ives harbour over the roofs and chimneys of the town (too picturesque?), he too often produces a toylike, spaceless, nursery model of landscape which has little if anything to do with the spatial sequences to be found out of doors. Such landscapes are post-cards pinned on the wall behind the Nicholson still-life group. On the other hand, the still-life paintings are impregnated with qualities of light, texture and colour which convey one at once to St. Ives. The over-clean "washedness" of the cool colours and the smooth neat textures are qualities very precisely related to that rain-washed Atlantic-blown town. And the multiplicity of pale greys, off-whites, pale blues, purples and yellows all have a valid basis in the white ocean-reflected light which almost bleaches things in its diffuse radiance.

PATRICK HERON

ROSSINI IN FLORENCE—I

ROSSINI is one of those composers, like Handel, who are almost buried beneath the fame of a single composition. No doubt the *Barbiere* is his best opera; and no doubt, as Beethoven told him, he was most himself in the delightful absurdities of *opera buffa*. Yet in the long tally of his operas, over half are *opere serie*, and with many of these he won European triumphs which his contemporaries freely compared with those of Napoleon. It is impossible not to feel a lively curiosity about all this buried music; and Florence, which, ever since the memorable *Cenerentola* revival of 1933 (with Conchita Supervia), has always played a foremost part in the restoration of Rossini's fame, seems lately to have concentrated on the heroic and tragic operas. Now, Signor Siciliani, the director of the Teatro Comunale, has boldly made the fifteenth Maggio Musicale Fiorentino into a Rossini festival.

It is not called that; and the scheme is diversified by some scattered concerts and recitals, not to mention a visit from the New York City Ballet, a new opera, *Don Chisciotte* by Vito Frazzi, which was performed at the end of April, and a seventeenth-century opera, *Didone* by Cavalli, which is to be given towards the end of June in the courtyard of the Pitti. But the Maggio (an elastic term) will stand or fall by the success of its six Rossini revivals; the two comedies, *Il Conte Ory* and *La Pietra del Paragone* (The Touchstone); the one-act *farsa*, *La Scala di Seta*; and the three serious operas, *Armida*, *Tancredi* and *Wilhelm Tell*. Except for *Tell*, these operas are as little known to the Italian public as to the English, and Signor Siciliani's adventurous choice has come in for some criticism.

As though in defiance of caution, the season has opened with *Armida*, the least familiar of all. The subject, traditional in the eighteenth century and immortalised by Gluck, is a strange one for Rossini, who disliked magic and the supernatural. The libretto, by one Schmidt, has always been abused, mostly with justice, though the first act is effective enough; but the truth is that the story of a Christian knight fallen beneath the spell of a pagan enchantress and eventually recalled to duty scarcely possesses the elements of dramatic conflict. Rinaldo is bound to be something of a lay figure; the point of his adventures is that they offer scope for unlimited picturesqueness on the part of scene-painter, machinist and musician. Rossini, brave downright Italian, has little notion of the mysteriously seductive atmosphere in which Gluck enveloped his Rinaldo. Faced with demons, he writes conventional ballet movements in the minor key; and for the grand display at the palace of Armida he provides a brilliant, but quite mundane, sequence of dances, charmingly scored for harp and woodwind.

The dominant note of the opera is sumptuous and heroic. At Naples in 1817 it was thought too elaborate and "too German"; and there is certainly some lack of Rossini's usually superabundant melodic invention. But the compensations are immense. Rossini's noble Crusaders consist exclusively of tenors, of which there are no fewer than six in the cast; and he writes for these with amazing brilliance and variety. Nothing in the magnificent Florentine performance was more remarkable than the manner in which these formidable tenor roles were filled. Alessandro Ziliani, as Duke Godfrey, captained the team and harangued them from his tent with very great sonority and authority; Mario Filippeschi was Rinaldo's (political) rival, who uttered an impressive series of high C's before meeting his end in the duel of the first act; Antonio Salvarezza, the smoothest and finest of all these voices, was one of the two knights who rescue Rinaldo; Gianni Raimondi doubled the other knight with a minor warrior in the first act; and Rinaldo himself was sung with taste, and with as much fire as the character allows, by Francesco Albanese. It is essential that none of these tenor parts shall be merely shouted; and it is to the credit of all these singers, and of Tullio Serafin, the admirable conductor, that the normal vices of the present-day Italian school of singing were held for this performance studiously in abeyance. In consequence, a profound effect was made by the Terzetto for three tenors in the last act, at the point when the two knights show Rinaldo his altered aspect in their adamantine shield. This is one of the noble things in Rossini's score, looking backwards to the Mozart of *The Magic Flute* and forward to the Verdi of *Nabucco* and *Ernani*. Verdian also are the ensembles of the first act, and the skilful use of march rhythms to symbolise the severity of the Crusaders.

The first appearance of Armida herself, borne aloft in a palanquin, a turbaned vision of Eastern luxury, saffron-clad and richly attended, among the grey tents and sober tunics of the Crusaders, was a brilliantly successful moment in the generally coarse decor of Alberto Savinio. And it goes without saying that no manager, whatever his supply of tenors, would have ventured to put on this *Armida* unless he disposed of an altogether exceptional singer for the part of the heroine. Written for Isabella Colbran, the Neapolitan prima donna who became Rossini's first wife, Armida's music is extremely florid even by the standards of the day. At Florence, Maria Callas, the most remarkable soprano now before the Italian public, gave a performance of dazzling skill and assurance. Of Greek-American origin, she has an exceptional range and technique, and has sung since the war a variety of roles which reminds us of the exploits of Lilli Lehmann; these include Isolde, Kundry, Turandot, Violetta in *La Traviata* and Elvira in *I Puritani*. As Norma, a part in which Covent Garden is to hear her this autumn, she has made a greater sensation than anyone since Ponselle. Listening to her Armida, although I was told that she was not in her best voice, I found it easy to understand the excitement she has caused; indeed, I shared it. Not everything she does can be defended; scales that begin distinctly sometimes end in a slither, and

there is a constant tendency, at certain pitches, towards an acid quality of tone. Nevertheless, Maria Callas is the real thing: a singer with authority, presence, attack—in short, with some notion of the heroic style. In *Armida* she ranged from G below the scale to E above it; and in the middle of the second act (which is otherwise mainly ballet) she sang a large bravura aria, in effect an "air with variations," in a style which astonished and delighted an audience to whom heroic *fioriture* must have come as a novelty. But the heart of the opera lies in the three love duets, one in each act; and in these, though she combined with Albanese and the rich-toned orchestra to produce brilliant and memorable music, there was yet a want of tenderness, warmth and charm. If she can acquire these without losing her present air of magnificence, she will surely have the world at her feet.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"The Fall of Berlin," at the New Gallery
"Paris 1900," and "Le Voyage en Amérique," at the Cameo-Polytechnic
"Curtain Up," at the Marble Arch Odeon

The Grand Glut is, I won't say finished, but starting to thin a little. Personally, I shall try to make it last as long as I can; postponing, for example, till next week one enjoyable French film, with Jouvet—*Lady Paname*, at the Rialto—which I've seen, and the Carné and Simenon thriller *La Marie du Port*, missed during the recent excitement. Badness is beginning to come back. *The Fall of Berlin* is a typical Soviet film: quite a point in its favour, since the typical American and English are with us week in, week out, but rarely the typical Russian. Good points: the momentum of events; the newsreel material, in the gathering of which, we are told, eighty cameramen lost their lives. Bad points: the unimaginative film making, the dull rhetoric, the melodrama. Bad points, I am afraid, outweigh good. No more conventional beginning could have been devised: children romping in chorus through a cornfield, school visit to steel works, Stakhanovite hero about to be honoured. We accompany him to Moscow and the Presence: Papa Joe is engaged, not very cunningly, but well supported by humming choirs, with a hoe in the garden. *Il faut cultiver notre jardin?* No, no, that is not at all the lesson. We shall get a good deal of him brooding: he wins the war, he defeats not only Hitler but Churchill, and kisses hero and heroine on both cheeks. No more august *pater noster* has ever walked the screen: one looks forward to a time when the Presence will be banned from direct representation, only a voice off-screen or a beam of light—a new searchlight, perhaps—being permitted. The unlucky actor who plays the part is almost debarred from acting. Not so the effigists of Hitler and Churchill. Over-acting is here encouraged, and the result is caricature of the feeblest sort, that which attempts to join melodrama and satire. When we laugh at the antics of this Hitler, we deride the clumsiness that has invented them; and as for the hog Churchill, let hog reply. I believe he is seeing the film, and I find it difficult to believe that he won't comment. These idiocies are excused by a sympathetic fellow critic on the ground that one should respect the legends of other nations. Legends? Why not lies? However, the balance against *The Fall of Berlin* is decided, not by its untruthfulness (taken for granted), but by the cheap fiction with which it pads out fact. The fact of battle, which does pop up now and then—though not so often as one could wish—is impressive. One thinks of those eighty dead cameramen. They deserve a far better memorial.

Nicole Védres' *Paris 1900* employs nothing but newsreel, and with great skill. In Paris that year there were enormous floods, the Eiffel Tower was still being praised and assailed, Gide and Valery walked together in the Parc Monceau, a gentleman with elaborate wings remained poised for a long time over a height before taking the fatal plunge, and indescribable beards found their counterpart in sumptuous fashions. One or two of these items may have stepped out of order, because the film—despite its title—reaches up to 1914. Many moments have an odd poignancy: not least the glimpses of artists—Monet, a snub-nosed silhouette under a sun-hat, dabbling away against the background of his lily pool; Renoir as an old man still employing arthritic claws (seen also in Hasaerts' *From Renoir to Picasso*); a brief powerful impression of Rodin. They, and the jerky photography of the time, link us with another century. The period up to the war is sketched in, I may add, most appealingly. Also in the Cameo-Poly programme is *Voyage en Amérique*, a slight, winning, meandry comedy of a provincial banker (Pierre Fresnay) and his wife (Yvonne Printemps), who plan to visit America and amazingly go. Do we at instants wish that Mlle Printemps were not always Spring? However, it is a very agreeable film, and its little town captivates.

I wish that Miss Margaret Rutherford and Mr. Robert Morley had been a quarter as well served in *Curtain Up*. This plays the fool with an empty theatre and rehearsals. A laugh every ten minutes; but oh, the hundred attempted laughs between!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"The Voysey Inheritance," at the Arts

How our attitude towards money has altered in fifty years! An audience of 1905 would plainly have been shocked to the very depths of its ethical sense by a solicitor gambling with his trust funds; we are merely interested. And, by making an assumption about the moral passions of the stalls, and so not bothering to give us an embodiment of Sacred Property—as either Shaw or Galsworthy would have done, and given him the strongest part—Granville Barker weakens the force of his play. He weakens it, too, by divided aims. We start with a tight Pinero situation, go on with a Galsworthyish satire of family respectability, and end with a semi-Shavian assault on idealism. The narrative is skilfully enough conducted to cover up the confusion, but the confusion is there and weakens the impact. Still we are grateful to have been given the chance of seeing this play, even in a performance that was only approximate. Mr. Hugh Miller was quite delightfully right as the widely respected and outwardly respectable solicitor. The rest of the cast were rather less happy about their status. Mr. Tony Britton took the long and difficult part of the idealising son with considerable promise. Miss Rachel Gurney, Miss Sheila Keith and Mr. Alec McCowen were serviceable.

T. C. W.

"Uranium 235," at the Embassy

It is a pity that so obviously talented and devoted a group as this, which calls itself "Theatre Workshop," should waste its time and energy on a play which, both theatrically and politically, is dowdily old-fashioned; and it is a thousand pities that they should introduce themselves to London with it, heralded by trumpet blasts from on high. "Theatre Workshop" lures us with the expectation of new and exciting developments in technique. We go prepared to be surprised, puzzled, shocked if you like. Then, what a let-down to be confronted with a crude propaganda morality, compounded of half-baked history and soppy symbolism, executed in a style thirty years out of date. *Uranium 235* gives the group a chance for displaying a variety of styles, ballet, mime, satire, charade, but nothing very convincing can be made out of this material. If "Theatre Workshop" is a Communist group, the Commissar for Culture should steer them off this play: for it is in danger of unconverting even the converted. If they are not, isn't it their function to develop forms appropriate to the 1950's, not to hark back nostalgically to Berlin of the Twenties?

T. C. W.

"Alexander Balus," at the Festival Hall

Even the Handel fanatics had to admit that John Tobin's revival of *Alexander Balus* (1747) involved more boredom than pleasure. Sequels are usually anticlimaxes, and this successor to *Judas Maccabaeus* suffers badly by a dreary plot—when the thrills arrive, much too late, they are too quickly over. Some eight or ten (out of 46) numbers are musically moving, or

"I designed these shoes because perfect health depends quite considerably on perfect foot comfort."

These are the words of Sir Herbert Barker, the great manipulative surgeon who designed the famous Sir Herbert Barker shoe. By his great skill and knowledge he created a shape of shoe that gives unsurpassed comfort to all who wear them.

We invite you to write to us for an illustrated brochure. Dept. 8, Norvic Shoe Co. Ltd., Northampton.

SIR HERBERT BARKER SHOES
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Who's air-conditioned for comfort?

Close stuffy weather holds no terrors for the wearer of Aertex underwear. The countless tiny insulating air-cells in the Aertex weave keep you comfortably cool when it is hot . . . and cosily warm if it turns cold. These are benefits which everyone can enjoy now that Aertex is plentiful again.

Genuine Aertex bears this Label.

AERTEX

Write for illustrated booklets to A.M.56, 465, Oxford Street, W.1.

INTEREST INCREASED
from July 1st 1952
2¾%
TAX PAID BY SOCIETY
No expenses on investment or withdrawal
Deposits received at 2%, the Society paying Income Tax
Write for full particulars
GRAYS BUILDING SOCIETY
ESTD. 1880
22 NEW ROAD · GRAYS · ESSEX
Branch Offices: 31 LINTON ROAD, BARKING, ESSEX
& 4 WHEELER GATE, NOTTINGHAM (Mr. C. O. Dent)
Assets £2,000,000 Reserves £68,000

would have been with finer singing. The trouble is that Handel wrote for soloists with magnificent voices and advanced techniques; there are probably not a dozen singers in the world today adequate to Handel's demands (*pace* Wales). Alfred Deller came nearest to what was required, making much of the touching interruption in Alexander's aria, "Fury with red sparkling eyes" and of florid passages elsewhere, but even he does not imitate the proud extraversion of the *castrato*—how could he? Mr. Tobin's cadenzas do not dare real virtuosity and so sound dull. Choir and orchestra performed respectably, Boris Ord (harpsichord) brilliantly. But it would have been better to have sacrificed musicological zeal to effect, and to have cut *Balus* without mercy. W. S. M.

Affandi and Other Indonesian Painters, at the Army and Navy Stores

Affandi, who was born in Java in 1910, is a painter of genius. Unequal, capable of badly erratic work, his best paintings and drawings (some of the latter in a portfolio) are quite remarkable. I have no space here to analyse their quality by discussing single works, or to comment on the fact that, self-taught, Affandi has made, not consciously but instinctively, a real synthesis between Eastern and Western styles of colour and drawing. I can only strongly recommend the reader to go to the exhibition this week and to look particularly at the large, violent, Indian town and landscapes, the huge, upright watercolours of beggars and the various pictures of unexotic animals. It would be possible to label Affandi's work Expressionist, and to point out similarities with Van Gogh and Kokoschka, but to do so would be very superficial. His work is different in kind from nearly everything being produced in Europe. And for this reason it shows a way out of the *impasse* now reached in Paris, New York and London: a way out which may imply a partial but necessary humiliation of "Art." Affandi's canvases, which are not even separated from their surroundings by frames, are essentially works of action. Their emotions of anger, comparison, violence and tenderness have not been recollected in tranquillity, but disciplined and used as they were felt. They do not present the spectator with the quintessence of their subject, but their subject with a witness. The bad, insufficiently organised works remain bad because to Affandi they are as irrevocable as past actions; to try to undo them would be a negative waste of time. The strength and sensitivity of the good works is not the result of romantic identification, but rather of the endurance of a protagonist. J. B.

Victor Pasmore, at the Redfern
Lucien Freud, at the Hanover

The story of Victor Pasmore's development has the quality of a cautionary tale or an Aesop fable. An artist of purer sensibility and more natural taste than almost any other in the country, he has gradually—and with an obstinate sort of courage—renounced the world in order to develop his sensibility even further. His latest works at the Redfern are abstract constructions of wood, paper, canvas, aluminium and plastic. Their design is superb; their arrangement so *right* that one imagines them to be made with a precision which in fact they lack, their edges and joints often being blurred and clumsy. Yet for all this, they remain slightly funny—looking like bathroom fittings, and to all, except a few disciples, as inapplicable and irrelevant as the intimations of a hermit mystic. At the Hanover gallery Lucian Freud is showing thirteen new paintings. Despite its linear hardness, Freud's vision is sensuous, even frankly erotic. The tactile surface of everything he paints—the fur of a bull-terrier, the canvas of a mattress, the creases of a face, the folds of a towelling dressing gown—is presented with a febrile intensity which recalls the sensation of *feeling* in the dark rather than seeing. And just as it is sometimes possible to understand, simply by fingering it, the structure of a fruit, but never of a tree, Freud's small paintings are effective, whereas his larger ones lack any sense of fundamental structure and are instead, made up of a sequence of unrelated sensations—a finger nail being more real than a finger, the tassel of a girdle more real than the waist it is tied around. J. B.

RECOMMENDED BY THE BOOK SOCIETY

THE LOVED ENEMY

Stephen Coulter

The *Sunday Times* Paris correspondent has written a remarkable first novel. A tragedy of love poisoned by mistrust, it is played out against a Gold Coast setting and is written with power and psychological insight. *May 26* 10s 6d

*

THE LANGUAGE LIBRARY

Edited by Eric Partridge

GOOD ENGLISH: HOW TO WRITE IT

G. H. Vallins

The first volume in the series is a revised and enlarged edition of this guide to current usage. *May 26* 11s

Write for our list to
12 Thayer Street, London W.1

ANDRE DEUTSCH

Correspondence

PRISONERS OF WAR

SIR,—It is now the policy of most British and American newspapers to give publicity to any facts which may serve to increase public abhorrence of Communism, and to be discreetly silent about anything that may place those facts in a more favourable light.

An example of this sort of tendentious journalism is to be found in a leading article in the *News-Chronicle* of May 8.

Commenting upon the alleged refusal of some 70,000 Chinese and Korean prisoners to be repatriated, the writer remarks that this "illuminates the barbarity of totalitarian regimes as few events have done since the German concentration camps were laid bare to a horrified world." And again, "the free world could not condemn to political slavery, perhaps even to death, so many thousands who wish to be free." Finally, the article states—this time without any "perhaps"—that "we cannot buy it [peace] with the lives of 10,000 helpless men."

Thus the *News-Chronicle*, once a liberal-minded journal, leaves its readers to assume that Communists are in the habit of murdering one another for no reason whatever.

Some people, however, will want to know why the Chinese, to whose humane treatment of their own prisoners there has been impressive testimony, should incontinently massacre 70,000 of their fellow countrymen who have been taken prisoner by their enemies.

The *Church Times*, by no means tender towards Communists, offers one explanation of the unwillingness of the Korean prisoners to be sent home. It says "the reason why so many Chinese refuse to go home is that they have had it drilled into them by their American captors that, if they do return, they will be punished and probably executed. In the last few weeks, the American authorities in Korea have reversed their propaganda policy towards their prisoners. They have told them of the assurance given by the Chinese negotiators that there will be no victimisation of returning prisoners of war. But the American reversal of policy has come too late. The prisoners will not change their minds again."

As a Churchman, I am thankful that, for once, a religious journal has set an example of decency to the secular press. KENNETH RAWLINGS

St. Michael's Rectory, Lewes, Sussex.

NAPALM BOMBS

SIR,—The Archbishop of York has made a useful, if belated, protest against the use of napalm by the United Nations Forces in Korea. Such protests are usually met by questions where the line can be drawn in the use of weapons of mass destruction. Your esteemed contributor "Critic" seems to be in that difficulty. Yet lines have been drawn in the past, in defiance of logic. War is not inhuman, it is all too human. Like other human affairs, it is largely governed by irrational factors.

Surely at all times and in all places there are some things which people just will not tolerate. Indeed, it is curious to note what things were permitted, and what things were not "done" at different stages in the history of mankind. People are governed by superstition, tradition, religion, etiquette or what you will. Cannibals may obey conventions more strict than those which rule a modern girls' school. In this year of grace I believe that the indiscriminate massacre of civilian men, women and children offends the conscience of the masses of our Western World. Rulers and other powerful people view matters from a peak where the normal conceptions of right and wrong prevalent at this time appear illogical. That does not alter the facts, and by persisting in offending such ideas our rulers may bring the civilisation they seek to defend to destruction. It has been suggested that Christianity may have been saved by the use of napalm; yet, in fact, Christianity will not long survive the spreading of flaming petrol over a whole countryside. That is why the protest of the Archbishop is valuable.

In my view, the destruction of two Japanese cities by atomic bombs was a blow against Western Civilisation which may yet prove fatal. What act could be condemned if that were permitted? It was the modern equivalent of putting whole cities to the sword. The mass of people in all countries were horrified. Many sought comfort in the belief that the war was shortened. The act was a regrettable necessity. Nevertheless, the horror has persisted, complicated in America by a sense of guilt. The fear of Communism has led many to justify the use of the bomb "for defence," but our rulers have to face a deep-seated, if illogical, conviction that something is very wrong in their actions. That belief weakens any necessary efforts for legitimate defence, and accounts, I believe, for the growing distrust of the United States in European countries.

People who are fully informed may well believe that the use of napalm is as horrible, or even more horrible, than the effect of the atomic bomb. Such reports as I have read from American papers lead me to suppose that if all the facts were known in this country, even the United Nations' Association would protest. The spread of flaming petrol over a countryside is certainly not an act which would be approved by people who were horrified at the fate of a Central European village. In one Korean village all the inhabitants were covered with napalm, including the children playing in an orphanage. It is most dangerous for Governments which proclaim their defence of the decencies to commit acts which, if known, horrify all the decencies acceptable to their peoples. The facts will eventually emerge. In the United States the revulsion from such horrors has led to the pathological anti-Communism, which seeks to place the blame for all the wickedness in the world on a rival creed. That is what happened in Germany.

It may be said that the root problem remains. In my view, the solution is obvious, provided regard is had to the facts of life, rather than formal logic. If an airman pours napalm over a country, he is protected from the rage of civilians. If he was lynched, we should protest against a "War Crime." Is it not also a "War Crime" to authorise the mass slaughter of civilians from the air? All that

is necessary is that the United Nations should ban the use of weapons of mass destruction against a civilian population, whether napalm, hydrogen bombs, germ warfare, or other horrors invented if not yet used. That act would heal the rift in the souls of civilised peoples. It is unrealistic to say that some form of international inspection and control must precede the ban. It cannot happen in the present state of the world. The United Nations should first lay down the law, and then seek to carry it out. Of course, the weapons may still be made in case they are used by the other side. The probability is that they will never be used.

Richmond, Surrey. T. A. COLLINS

U.S. AND AUSTRIA

SIR,—I have just returned to this country after spending two years in Vienna, and was therefore interested in the short contribution from a Correspondent in Vienna which appeared in your last issue. May I ask for the hospitality of your columns to make a few supplementary points?

It is true that the Austrians are relying comfortably on American aid. But to give a balanced account of the Austrian attitude to the United States to-day, it is necessary to mention the growing anxiety about U.S. international policy since the outbreak of the Korean War. I found the fear that this policy might provoke a general war, very widespread.

Your Correspondent rightly stresses the distorting effects of American aid on Austria's economy. Examples similar to the one he cites could be multiplied many times. Foreign trade has suffered most of all. Austria is compelled to sell her raw materials to Western countries, particularly Western Germany and the U.S., at prices considerably below those of the world market. At the same time she must import goods from the West which she could either produce herself with the forcibly exported raw materials, or obtain at cheaper prices from the Eastern countries. Poland has offered to increase her exports of coal to Austria and most of the Eastern countries are willing to send cheap feeding stuffs of which the Austrian farmers are in dire need. The E.C.A. administration and the Battle Act stand in the way of Austria's acceptance.

It was not Herr Gruber but the parliamentary fraction of the Austrian Socialist Party who suggested the official boycott of the Russian-controlled industries. This aroused great indignation among the Socialists working in those industries. Herr Gruber's speech, which appeared in the American press two days before it was delivered, contained a more important threat which caused considerable disquiet to the Austrian public. It hinted at "vigorous" diplomatic action, in which Austria was to partake, if the Soviet Union refused to accede to the recent Western proposals for a "skeleton treaty" for Austria. This veiled threat, which was so obviously uttered after close consultation with the American authorities, was widely interpreted as heralding a new effort to provoke the splitting up of Austria into two halves, the Western half enjoying the benefits of the "skeleton treaty" and the freedom to become one of the centres of Western rearmament.

Finally, as a student, I should like to bring to the attention of your readers the fact that the Austrian Budget provides for the appropriation of less than one per cent. of public spending on higher education and culture, which puts Austria last but one among the countries of Europe—Greece alone spending less. It is encouraging that, despite the "widespread attitude of futility and frustration" which your Correspondent notes, a growing movement of opposition is emerging among people working in the academic and cultural field against the policy of destroying Austrian science, learning, and culture through a process of slow starvation. ERNST WANGERMANN

Balliol College, Oxford.

DISPLACED PERSONS

SIR,—May I draw your attention to the fact that since the liquidation of I.R.O. the various religious societies, the British Red Cross, the International Guides, etc., have been compelled to cease their welfare work in the camps and hostels for Displaced Persons and that there is now no International body to whom these people can appeal. The organisation of a High Commissioner to look after the legal rights of Displaced Persons is indeed in the process of creation, but it is by no means certain that the functions of his organisation will embrace Welfare activities down to camp level and in the meantime there is no one to whom they can turn. When you consider that the majority of those that remain are people who cannot emigrate for reasons of health, age, or disability of one member of the family but are prevented from returning to their former countries for personal or political reasons, also that a great many of those remaining, at any rate in Germany and Austria, entered those countries originally as slave labour, you will realise that it is imperative that some International Welfare Committee should have free access to every person.

It seems incredible that the new organisation should not have been formed before the I.R.O. was disbanded but since this has not been done, then at least it must be possible for the Governments who contributed and staffed I.R.O. to make finances available either to an interim committee, or at least, to those voluntary societies who formerly worked at these camps.

Whatever the final plan inaugurated by the new High Commissioner may be it is important that the following problems should be attacked:

(a) Lighten the desperately boring life of many who have nothing to do or who are unable in any case to do much, by reason of age or ill health. Schemes could be put into operation for the making, knitting, repairing and conditioning of clothes, furnishings, decorations, etc., as well as occupational therapy.

(b) Facilitate the joining of those families who are torn apart.

(c) See that hospitals and hostels are staffed with interpreters and where possible, doctors and nursing staff of the same nationality as the majority of the inmates.

(d) Ensure that no Nazis or people of doubtful record are administering or have access to, or authority over, any of these refugee groups.

(e) Ascertain whether the case files of those that remain—compiled at great expense—have been retained. It is most important that they should be handed over to the new Commissioner and if this is not done, investigations should be made as to why they are not available.

England has given a lead by finding homes for an enormous number of Displaced Persons and also "hard-core" cases. I do hope that she will also lead the way, in conjunction with other countries, in lightening the lot of those tragic cases that remain.

100 Edith Grove, H. W. ROTHSCHILD
London, S.W.10.

WAR PENSIONS

SIR,—The present Government's general attitude to the Welfare Services is deplorable, and an apparent change in War Pensions policy reacts, not surprisingly, against the weakest.

In following an avowed policy of improving the condition of those most needing it, the Labour Government increased the maximum of the supplementary allowances for the severely disabled (i.e., Unemployability, Constant Attendance, etc.) and, in addition, introduced a new one called the Comforts Allowance. By maintaining that the limited resources available should go first to the severely disabled, and refusing to raise the basic rate, Labour Ministers risked the ex-Service vote, but showed the courage of their convictions.

The basic pension is supposed to compensate for loss of amenities, and if conditions force a rise in it, then logically an increase in the supplementary allowances should follow. The present Government, however, has chosen the easier course of increasing the basic pension by 10s. per week, and completely ignoring the main supplementaries.

Accepting the figures published in your issue of January 19 (The Pensioned Legion by C. E. Rolph) as accurate, there are only 41,000 pensioners out of 706,000 drawing a supplementary allowance. It can hardly be said that, even in our present circumstances, we could not improve the lot of so small a number. Instead, relatively, those receiving the Unemployability Supplement of 35s. per week are worse off, for previously, in being awarded this allowance, most forfeited National Insurance Sickness Benefit at 26s. per week, and thereby gained 9s. per week. Sickness Benefit is being raised to 32s. 6d. per week, but the Unemployability Allowance remains unchanged. If some months ago, the severely disabled required an extra 9s. per week, how can it be made possible to justify the limitation of the extra amount to a bare 2s. 6d. per week now? The Ministry, even during Labour's tenure of office, could be criticised on the stringency of their regulations relating to the grant of this allowance (only 17,550 in payment at March 31, 1950—Ministry of Pensions' 25th Report). It looks as if even this pitifully small number will shortly shrink, for at 2s. 6d. per week it will not be worth applying for it.

Perhaps that is the intention.

Croftfoot, Glasgow. SHEILA DONN

IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS

SIR,—How do I thank Edward Hyams for these words "There is no virtue in work as such"?

I commenced work 64 years ago at the age of 12 years and have been working, and am doing so, ever since. But I have always revolted against work as a virtue. My wife's people have for over 100 years worked hard and saved money and left it to other people to spend, carrying out another Biblical phrase—man heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them.

For over 50 years I've never answered a hooter or a bell or a whistle; at 26 years of age I walked out of my job in a shop and have lived a practically free life since and have had a kick out of life and have had no fear for the future and no prospect of a pension (except the old-age pension) at 65. Who was the king who said, "Find me a happy man and I'll wear his shirt?" His servant found a beggar by the roadside expressing the joy of life in happy laughter and the servant said "I want your shirt for the king to wear" and the beggar made answer "I haven't got one to give."

Go on, Edward Hyams, let me have some more of your comments on life. JOHN TURNPIKE

Draycott.

DENT

Mrs. Robert Henrey

continues her vivid autobiography begun with *The Little Madeleine*
(40,000 sold)

Madeleine Grown Up

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

"On we go, from the single room in Soho to the Savoy . . a vivid, indeed a memorable, effect . . a story of gratified ambition, of courage and energy rewarded, and of happy romance." C. E. Vulliamy, *Spectator*
15s. net

"After some of the 'truly rural' books, this is like a breath of mountain air." *Birmingham Post*

Farmwife

Marion Roberts

Autobiographical story of hazards and difficulties cheerfully overcome. Illus. 16s. net

New novel by the author of *Our Old Man*

The Man at the Door

Millie Toole

"Praised and recommended for its evocative creation of a strange place and strange real people." Marghanita Laski, *Observer*
10s. 6d. net

Books in General

In 1549, when St. Francis Xavier arrived from Goa as the first Christian missionary in Japan, the state of the country was hardly encouraging. There was war of all against all. Aristocratic chieftains fought each other in a bewildering series of combinations through all sixty-six provinces; bellicose Buddhist monks, after ravaging the countryside, retreated to hilarious potations in the heavily fortified "monastery of the Original Vow"; and the Lord of Heaven and his courtiers were reduced to supplementing their meagre incomes by selling autographed verses. And then there were the differences of language, customs and ideology between two highly developed, self-satisfied nations. Christianity, being (in theory at least) a religion of humility, seemed at first disgusting to the aristocratic Japanese, while Portuguese missionaries were inclined to dismiss the grave Buddhist philosophers as "a bunch of pederastic hypocrites." And yet, in spite of these difficulties, within thirty years the Jesuit missionaries had achieved an astonishing success. Patronised by the great war-lords, indispensable in trade and diplomacy, they had extended their influence throughout the country, and confidently promised to redeem, for the Papacy, the loss of England by the conquest of Japan. Within another thirty years those hopes were utterly dashed. Christianity was outlawed, the missionaries were expelled, their converts relapsed or were burnt; and Japan, for two centuries, alone among Oriental kingdoms, successfully resisted the expansion of Europe.

How can we account for this spectacular success, this sudden reversal? Professor Boxer's brilliant study* (a work of wonderful scholarship admirably presented) provides the answer. The Jesuit success was an incident in that other miracle of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese commercial empire in the East; its failure was a consequence of a separate development in the same century; the transformation of Japan from an aristocratic to a feudal state.

The Portuguese empire was indeed a miracle. Partly it was good luck. By a happy chance the Portuguese arrived in Asia to find a vacuum in sea-borne trade. The Chinese fleets, which had once penetrated to Arabia, had now, in the decline of the Ming dynasty, disappeared from the Indian Ocean; the Arab ships could not compete with the great Portuguese vessels—those giant carracks whose sudden arrival so amazed the East. The vast trade of Asia—of which the long-distance trade with Europe was but a fragment—lay open to the first comers. The Portuguese came and took it; and while the vacuum lasted—until Europe overtook them or Asia resisted them—it was their monopoly.

This vacuum, this temporary monopoly, extended also to Japan. In the period of aristocratic anarchy the *Wako*, or Japanese sea-pirates, had so enraged the Ming Emperors, that all trade between China and Japan was, by imperial order, forbidden. But the Japanese nobility could not dispense with foreign wares. In their anarchy they still remained aristocrats, with aristocratic tastes: builders of majestic palaces, lavish patrons of the arts, connoisseurs of exquisite tea-kettles, consumers of Chinese silk. Further, for their politics, they needed two other essential imports: weapons for war and, increasingly as their politics became more complex, gold for finance. To them therefore the *Kuofune* or Portuguese "Great Ship" which sailed annually from Macao, with a cargo worth a million ducats, making a fortune for its captain on every voyage, came, like the annual flooding of the Nile to Egyptian pashas, a blessing from Heaven; and eagerly, as it groped in the stormy China Sea for a safe harbour, they competed to receive it. Did it not bring the firearms of Europe, the gold of Africa, the silks of China—for which, moreover, they could pay in native silver, marketable throughout the East?

It also brought the Jesuits. Soldiers of Christ, or at least of the Pope, the newest, most militant, most devoted, and yet most flexible of religious orders, founded indeed by a Spanish bigot, but quickly transferred to more skilful Italian management, the observant Jesuits, in every country, studied the rules of politics and deduced the terms of success. In Japan those terms were two: an aristocratic society and the Great Ship; and between these two forces the Jesuits quickly became the essential intermediaries. Able linguists, essential interpreters, obviously respected by the Portuguese captains, the Jesuits seemed to the Japanese an inseparable part and condition of the Great Ship, and many a *daimyo* or lord begged them to settle on his fief, confident that the Great Ship would not be far behind. In this competition it was Omura, Lord of Nagasaki, who triumphed over his rivals. In 1571, to lure the Great Ship annually to his fief, he handed over the great harbour and fortress of Nagasaki, with all its revenues, in perpetuity to the Jesuits. There was indeed one inconvenient limitation of their sovereignty—"Since we cannot order people to be killed," they complained, "when we wish, we do not derive so much benefit from it as did its former lord"; and there were some criticisms of such temporal ambition in spiritual men: even the Jesuit General, Aquaviva, had momentary doubts about its propriety. But in the end all was well: after a dose of prayerful meditation the General swallowed his doubts; the cession was confirmed; and thenceforth the Great Ship came annually to the Jesuit port of Nagasaki.

The Jesuits never lost their connection with the Great Ship. Indeed—thanks to a contract skilfully negotiated between Fr. Valignano and the Macao capitalists—they increased it: for to finance their activities they themselves invested directly in its cargo. In the Jesuit warehouse in Macao an accomplished priest handled their official quota of silk; they also traded unofficially, on the black market; and they acted as bullion-brokers for ambitious Japanese lords. Nevertheless, they did not lose sight of the other condition of success: the aristocratic character of Japanese society. St. Francis Xavier had preached Christian humility; his successors dropped that inconvenient pose. Prudently disguised as Buddhist priests, attended by deferential Negro slaves, they turned the poor from their doors and sought only, by their elegant establishment and courtly manners, to please those great lords whom the lower classes (they said) would always obediently imitate. Successive tyrants, who personally conducted Jesuit missionaries over their newly built palaces and pleasure gardens, were charmed by the appreciative flattery of these visitors, who seemed not only to direct the treasures of the Great Ship but also to be, like their hosts, the aristocratic leaders of a military society, cultivated, self-controlled, polite. The Jesuits, on their side, returned the compliment, and admitted the Japanese *samurai*, alone among Asiatics, into their order. They therefore found it very irritating when their aristocratic monopoly was suddenly threatened by a rival "Great Ship," the Manila Galleon, bearing from the newly settled Philippine Islands an incidental cargo of proletarian Spanish friars.

Loudly the Jesuits protested. Was not Japan within the sphere of Portuguese patronage which King Philip, now King of both Spain and Portugal, had promised to respect? Now these "idiot friars," only fit to bash down the idols of American savages, were blundering into the formal civilisation of Japan, ruining the delicate diplomacy of the experts, and (what was worse) disgracing Christianity by their attention to the lower classes, by admitting to their hospices "the poxy rabble," by openly wearing their monastic habits, and by preaching the unedifying doctrine of Christ crucified. Pope and King alike supported the Jesuits; but it was not enough. The friars continued to come; open war broke out between the orders; and from their mutual recriminations new deductions could be drawn by those successive Japanese magnates—Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, Ieyasu—who were gradually triumphing over aristocratic anarchy. For why, they asked, were the Christian priests there at all? Was it not as a fifth-column of King Philip, who had already, with their help (as they boasted), conquered almost the whole world? Already a clumsy Portuguese Jesuit had hinted as much. If only Hideyoshi could have done without the Great Ship, he would gladly have dispensed with these dangerous missionaries as his random gestures showed: the expulsion (on paper) of the Jesuits, in 1587, the crucifixion, ten years later, of a batch of friars. He might welcome the Manila Galleon as an alternative to the Macao carrack; but it also doubled the danger. Then, at the turn of the century, came other sailors, Dutch and English, denouncing King Philip's plans of world conquest, from which their own countries (they said) had been saved by expelling the Jesuits.

Could the new rulers of Japan do the same? Only if they no longer needed the Great Ship. By the reign of the third great centralising tyrant, Ieyasu, who had totally subjected the aristocracy, that condition was fulfilled. Already the Portuguese monopoly had been broken—for the piracy of the *Wako* had been suppressed, and Japanese vessels, under government charter, were trading direct with China and the South; already in Japan great native capitalists were in control of foreign trade; soon native manufac-

* *The Christian Century in Japan*. By C. R. Boxer. *California University Press; Cambridge*. 56s. 6d.

ture would render Japan independent of Chinese silk. Thus the terms of the Jesuit success no longer applied; and Ieyasu, who, like Bismarck, suffered from *le cauchemar des alliances*, decided finally to expel the unpredictable "Southern Barbarians." In 1614 he did it, by edict; and since an edict proved insufficient, his successor Iemitsu, a more capricious tyrant, turned to active persecution. So the agents of the new bureaucracy set to work; the misbelievers were hunted out; and the flames of the *auto-da-fé* burnt as merrily in Nagasaki as in Lisbon or Rome. For the aristocratic converts of the Jesuits this was enough. Already a court nobility, they returned with ease to the religion of the court. Only the humble converts of the "idiot friars," the downtrodden peasantry, to whom Christianity still bore its original social meaning, proved the Jesuits wrong by refusing to follow their masters' apostasy. In 1637 at Shimabara the Christian peasantry broke out in rebellion against their lord and thereby hastened the last stage in the closure of Japan: the final and permanent banning of the Great Ship.

For how, argued Iemitsu, could the doltish peasantry of Kyushu have thus rebelled unless encouraged from Macao? The Great Ship, no longer indispensable to Japan, now seemed a positive menace to it. The Macao capitalists, to whom the Japan trade remained indispensable, protested their innocence; but in vain. The Portuguese, they were now officially told, were banished for ever from Japan, on pain of death. In despair, the City Fathers decided on a last hopeless embassy. Four of their leading members, with attendant train, set out by sea to plead for their trade. Before embarking, passengers and crew took the sacrament, for they hardly hoped to return alive. In July, 1640, they reached Nagasaki, and were at once arrested pending the answer of the Shogun. On August 1 it came: an executioner for every member of the party. In the end thirteen of the native seamen were reprieved, and having witnessed the execution of their sixty-one companions and the burning of their ship, were sent back to Macao, in a crazy vessel, to inform the Portuguese that even if "King Philip himself, or even the very God of the Christians, or the great Buddha, should disobey this ban, they shall pay for it with their heads." Thus ended the Macao Great Ship, the mainstay of Japanese Christianity, and with it, for two centuries, European contact with Japan. Only the Manila Galleon continued, during those two centuries, its astonishing annual journeys across the Pacific with its priceless cargoes of silver and silk; but even the Manila Galleon no longer touched Japan. There "the Christian Century" was over: it was *Sakoku*, the Closed Country.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

THE CYCLISTS

A sound of ladies and of dragonflies
Attends the cyclists walking on the quay.
The spokes are ticking as the lady lies
Upon the arm the handlebar leaves free.

This Cocteau saw. But Rilke tags it best:
Eurydice upon a shadowed street
Reluctantly abandoning her rest,
And Hermes' wings still whirring at his feet.

DONALD DAVIE

EQUALITY TO DATE

Equality. By R. H. TAWNEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 15*s.*

Ever since its first appearance in 1931, Professor Tawney's *Equality* has held a major place among the few books which have succeeded in defining the aims and ideals of English Socialism. Allying a unique elegance of style to an admirable precision of thought, it presented a sustained indictment of the economic and social inequalities of the society it described and a comprehensive programme for the elimination of the evils it denounced. This new edition—revised and with a new chapter added—is particularly welcome at the present time, when much thought is being devoted to the principles and future tasks of the Labour movement. Besides focusing attention on essentials, it affords a useful perspective of the road we have travelled since it was written and of how much remains to be done if the ideals to which *Equality* gave expression are to be realised.

Tawney's central theme was that a large measure of social and economic equality is essential to the achievement of that common culture without which a community is not a community at all; that great disparities of wealth and status result in unjustified and unjustifiable differences between rich and poor in those areas of life where "vulgar irrelevancies of class and status" least apply, as in health, education, security and the expectation of life itself; and that these differences, besides the waste of human and physical resources they produce, also degrade the quality of life of the society within which they have play. The strategy of equality, Tawney suggested, was not "to re-divide the national income into equal fractions and to set everyone rubbing up his arithmetic to make sure of his quota"; it was to pursue a number of policies which, even though some of them would not be directly geared to the achievement of equality, would yet contribute to it. Among these were "palliative" measures, such as the further redistribution of income through taxation and other financial measures designed to the same end, and the radical extension of the collective provision for common needs. These policies, however, would not strike at the root causes of inequalities; hence the need to bring under public control (of which nationalisation was only one form) the key positions of the economic world and to plan what had formerly been left to private decisions.

These recommendations have been at the core of Labour legislation since the war. The war itself, although it drained so many of our resources, played a vital part, which is still far too little appreciated in "softening up" the resistance that these policies might otherwise have encountered. How far have they brought us nearer to the kind of society of which Tawney spoke? There is some evidence, he cautiously notes, that "a somewhat more equalitarian social order is in process of emerging." The widest disparities of income have been reduced. Extreme poverty and destitution are no longer the blight they once were; the extension of social services of all kinds has gone some little way in ensuring to all that civic minimum which is alone consistent with civilised life. Nationalisation and public control, as well as the greater strength of organised labour, have begun—though no more than begun—a shift in the balance of economic power. Nor ought one to ignore the vital change, so pregnant with consequences for the future, which has taken place in the minimal expectations of ordinary citizens as a result of the demonstration that it is practicable for a community, even in the face of adverse economic circumstances, to improve its social life. These are clearly no mean achievements, and it would be as foolish to minimise their importance as to exaggerate their extent.

If one were to take seriously the frantic warnings of doom and decay which have accompanied every advance, and the extravagant claims of staggering progress which have sometimes been put forward, it would seem that the British social

DENNIS WHEATLEY

320 pages of interplanetary adventure

STAR OF ILL-OMEN

12s. 6d.

★

H. A. VACHELL
The Lamp of Golconda
"A fine craftsman . . . still knows what he is about." H. A. C. STRONG (*Spectator*). 9*s.* 6*d.*

SHAW DESMOND
Love by the Dark Water
The author of *Nathaniel* has written that rare thing—a good novel about Ireland. 10*s.* 6*d.*

THOMAS MUIR
Death Under Virgo
"He sets out to write a right rattlingly good crime detective story and right rattlingly he succeeds." SIR PATTERSON 10*s.* 6*d.*

PHILIP LINDSAY
The Merry Mistress
With unerring historical accuracy and the most intimate detail this novel reflects an age in the life of one of its women—Jane Shore. 12*s.* 6*d.*

JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS
Exultation of Skylarks
Fine goings-on in an art academy are the subject of this witty outburst. 10*s.* 6*d.*

W. R. PHILIPSON
The Immaculate Forest
An account of an expedition to the unexplored country between the Andes and the Amazon. 32 illus. 2 maps. 18*s.*

SIR HENRY SLESSER
The Anglican Dilemma
Controversy increases. "A luminary of the law marshals his resources of knowledge, logic and ruthlessness." RAYMOND MORTIMER (*Sunday Times*). 12*s.* 6*d.*

★

Hutchinson

system has been radically transformed. A cursory examination of the relevant data suggests that, to put is mildly, much remains to be done. The ownership of property, and with it our social structure, for instance, have undergone little change since pre-war days; many aspects of our educational system are still lamentably deficient. In the perspective of the past, the social services have made giant strides; in that of the future, they are still in their infancy. It is equally clear that some of the most acute problems which confront a society such as ours have proved far more intractable than appeared likely when Tawney first wrote this book. To take but one example, it is now evident that the type of nationalisation to which Labour has been committed is no sufficient solution to the problem of the wage-earner's participation as a full partner in the processes of industrial life. We have yet to learn the secret of industrial democracy without which work must remain the stony path to a leisure made mean by mean circumstances; "alienation," meaning the frustration of potentially creative effort, is a problem too directly related to the achievement of the good society to need emphasis; nor is the relation of work to culture a new theme. Both in material and spiritual terms, our civilisation needs widening as well as refining; the assertion often encountered that the two processes are incompatible and indeed mutually destructive is an evasion, not a solution, of the difficulties involved. In a different, but highly relevant context, we have come to learn that equality is more than a national concept. Just as inequality stultifies the national life of a society, so does the division of the world into relatively wealthy countries and others that are still steeped in the most bitter poverty help to poison and corrupt international life.

Not the least of the charges that are brought against a widening of equality is that it is fatal to freedom. It would be wrong to ignore the fact that the question of freedom in an equalitarian society deserves the most careful attention; but nothing so far suggests that Tawney's contention is invalid:

> In so far as the opportunity to lead a life worthy of human beings is needlessly confined to a minority, not a few of the conditions applauded as freedom would more properly be denounced as privilege. Action which causes such opportunities to be more widely shared is, therefore, twice blessed. It not only subtracts from inequality, but adds to freedom.

RALPH MILIBAND

The Book Society's non-fiction Choice

VICTORIAN OLYMPUS

by WILLIAM GAUNT

The author of *The Aesthetic Adventure* and *The Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy* has here employed his considerable talents as art historian in telling one of the most extraordinary 'success stories' of the last hundred years — that of the 'classic' and academic painters of late Victorian times.

Illustrated 15s. net

★

HERMAN WOUK's

best-selling novel of the U.S. Navy in the Pacific

THE 'CAINE' MUTINY

has just been awarded

The Pulitzer Prize for fiction

9th impression now printing

15s. net

JONATHAN CAPE

THE SCOTS POETIC TRADITION

Scottish Verse, 1851-1951. Selected by DOUGLAS YOUNG. *Nelson.* 18*s.*

The first half of Mr. Young's anthology covers a period of decadence, the second, one of revival. The Victorian age in Scotland, an age of tremendous moral and practical energy, was certainly not a decadent period generally; but it had little use for the arts for their own sake, and literature was thought of almost as a hobby for weaklings. Stevenson, who marks the break between the literary decadence and the literary revival, became a writer partly because he was an invalid. He never felt that it was enough to be just a writer, and even at one time hankered after a Professorship of Scottish History and Constitutional Law. To be a preacher, a moralist, a thinker, was, for most Scotsmen of the Victorian age, a much more important thing than to be a "mere writer." Perhaps it essentially is. But there were few who, like Stevenson, realised what a hard job it is to master "mere writing." A diffidence about their function tended, therefore, to accompany Scottish poets south of the Border. The lives of gifted men like Thomson and Davidson share with that of the deplorable Robert Buchanan a flavour of soured and grubby bohemianism, the bohemianism that shuts so many useful doors in the poet's face. And their social failure, moreover, is reflected in their verse—in its uncertain poise, its strained emphasis, its lack of finish. Andrew Lang, on the other hand, having achieved the social graces, never felt it necessary to achieve much else. In smaller figures, like Thomas Given or poor David Gray, one gets even less: the backwash of Keats and Shelley. Thus to read the first half of Mr. Young's anthology is like browsing over a bookseller's shilling stall. There is the dusty smell, the sense of vain hopes, lost promise, dogged persistence in failure.

And the native Lowland Scots tradition was also, during the Victorian age, in decay. A few lines from a folk-song,

> I can drink and nae be drunk,
> I can fecht and nae be slain,
> I can court anither's lass
> And aye be welcome tae my ain—

have a ring (how good Anon always is!), a spunk and randiness, that one looks for in vain among the Kailyarders. I wish Mr. Young had printed, as he was half tempted to, even a moderately discreet version of that grand bawdy ballad, "The Ball o' Kirriemuir," with its hauntingly noble and tragic refrain:

> Singin, "Fa'll dae it this time,
> Fa'll dae it noo?
> The yin that did it last time
> Canna dae it noo!"

As a "document," then, if not exactly as a collection of poems one would wish to read, the first part of Mr. Young's anthology is extremely valuable. The second half, covering the revival, is naturally much more readable, though at the same time one is more tempted to find fault with it. It is good that young men are thinking of Scotland again as a kingdom, not as a province; of Lowland Scots as a language, not as a dialect. It does not, however, follow that their poems will always be good. Mr. Young flings his net as wide as can be, and I think nobody in the movement, or even in the period, is left out. The effect of this inclusiveness is rather unfair to the few poets who really do stand out. Sidney Goodsir Smith, for instance, does stand head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries and if Mr. Young had been a little more ruthless about some other Lallans poets he might have found space for a much larger portion of Smith's *Under the Eildon Tree*: probably the most honest poem about carnal love that anybody has written in Scotland since Burns. On the other hand, the two leading figures in the Scottish literary revival, Hugh MacDiarmid and Edwin Muir, are very adequately represented. Mr. MacDiarmid is not shown either as a mere master of the short lyric or a mere obstinate prosier in broken-backed blank verse; Mr. Young has found poems in which thought and verse fuse, and his selection is wide enough to convey both MacDiarmid's earthiness and his range. Mr. Young also deserves great credit for printing a beautiful and almost forgotten poem by Edwin Muir, a lament for that noble Scottish past, which to-day sometimes seems so tragically irrelevant to the problems of a large-scale industrial society (though it is MacDiarmid's great quality, of course, that he has, unlike Muir, been able to make poetry out of that obstinate, gritty material):

> Percy and Douglas dead,
> And Bruce on his burial bed,
> Where he lies white as may
> With wars and leprosy,
> And all the kings before
> This land was kingless,
> And all the singers before
> This land was songless,
> This land that with its dead
> and living waits the Judgment Day.

The "poor frozen life and shallow banishment," of which Mr. Muir speaks in this poem, do sometimes come out almost too vividly in this anthology—in the sag and drag, the second-handness, of much that Mr. Young, with his piety towards everyone who has at least tried to speak for Scotland, chooses to print. But there is a deeper, earthier, harsher life in Scotland and that, particularly in the Lallans poems, comes out too. For Scotsmen at least, and perhaps for students of cultural history generally, this is an indispensable book. And if one often feels depressed while reading it, one closes it, I think, with a sense of qualified hope.

G. S. FRASER

ABOUT IRELAND

Dublin. By MAURICE CRAIG. *Cresset Press.* 42*s.*

Ireland and the Irish. By CHARLES DUFF. *Boardman.* 15*s.*

The Emerald Isle. By GEOFFREY TAYLOR. *Evans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Face of Ulster. By DENIS O'D. HANNA. *Batsford.* 15*s.*

Connacht: Galway. By RICHARD HAYWARD. *Arthur Barker.* 21*s.*

Ireland to-day being tourist-minded, more and more books may be expected about her, all of which no doubt will sell, especially to travel-restricted Britons. The danger is that in the purveyance of easy and carefree reading an author may lapse into easy and careless writing. For most books about Ireland are mainly a rehash of old materials though there are a few, like Dr. E. E. Evans's *Irish Heritage*, which do fill a notable gap; to this specialist minority belongs Mr. Craig's book on Dublin. The more general books therefore have to be treated like anthologies and judged by their range, sequences, contrasts and, above all, by their omissions. Thus these new books are all lavishly and attractively illustrated, but we could begin by asking why they illustrate so much of one kind of thing and so little of others. The Irish and Ulster Tourist Associations take excellent photographs but they naturally are over-concerned with the "scenic"; thus Mr. Duff and Mr. Taylor produce identical photographs both of Clifden and Glendalough. One needs more pictures like Mr. Taylor's Orange Celebrations, Mr. Duff's turf-cutters, Mr. Hanna's very ordinary village streets. In none of these books is there an illustration of a cottage interior or a pub interior, or even of the Belfast shipyards.

Again, when a man is saying something not

Leonardo da Vinci

SIR KENNETH CLARK

Described in the Catalogue Notes of the Quincentenary Exhibition as 'the best general book on Leonardo as an artist'. The second, revised edition, has a long new Introductory Note, and reconsidered passages on the Louvre *Virgin of the Rocks* and on Leonardo's activities as a sculptor. A learned and enthusiastic interpretation for the present generation, taking account of all recent researches.

Second edition. 35*s. net*

Mathematics at the Fireside

G. L. S. SHACKLE

A new experiment in the presentation of mathematical ideas to children, for children and their parents and teachers. 'The strangest book I have ever come across since *Alice in Wonderland*.' M. J. MORONEY. 'Very interesting and stimulating.' E. T. NORRIS. 'The enthusiasm of the author is infectious.' K. S. SNELL. 'I hope that mathematicians will consider this book seriously. It has a light touch but an important underlying purpose.' PROFESSOR G. PATRICK MEREDITH. 16*s. net*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

80th birthday on Sunday

BERTRAND RUSSELL

celebrates with a new book

THE IMPACT OF SCIENCE ON SOCIETY

In this challenging book Bertrand Russell examines the changes brought about by science. His optimistic view of the future is best illustrated by his own words: "Science offers the possibility of far greater well-being for the human race than it has ever known before. It offers this on certain conditions—abolition of war, even distribution of ultimate power, and a limitation of the growth of population. 7*s. 6d.*

other books available

A History of Western Philosophy, 21*s.* New Hopes for a Changing World, 9*s. 6d.* Unpopular Essays, 8*s. 6d.* The conquest of Happiness, 8*s. 6d.* Education and the Social Order, 9*s. 6d.* Freedom and Organisation, 1814-1914, 15*s.* In Praise of Idleness, 8*s. 6d.* Inquiry into Meaning and Truth, 16*s.* Marriage and Morals, 9*s. 6d.* Mysticism and Logic, 9*s. 6d.* On Education, 10*s. 6d.* Outline of Philosophy, 15*s.* Power, 21*s. 6d.* Sceptical Essays, 8*s. 6d.* Scientific Outlook, 8*s. 6d.*

And still sailing happily along

KON-TIKI

by Thor Heyerdahl

Sales now over 413,000

Illustrated. **12*s. 6d.***

ALLEN & UNWIN LTD: 40 MUSEUM ST., LONDON, W.C.1

Experiments in Living

PROFESSOR A. MACBEATH

The Gifford Lectures for 1948-1949 delivered in the University of St. Andrews. A study of the nature and foundation of ethics or morals in the light of recent work in Social Anthropology. 30*s.*

The Rate of Interest

And Other Essays

JOAN ROBINSON

The Rate of Interest. Notes on the Economics of Technical Progress. The Generalization of the General Theory. Each of these essays is more or less self-contained but they are all closely connected with the extension of Keynes's General Theory. 10*s. 6d.*

Studies in British Financial Policy

1914-25

E. VICTOR MORGAN

"The fact that he has included in his work a wealth of facts and figures has not stopped him producing a book that is very readable." *Financial Times.* 28*s.*

MACMILLAN

LET IT COME DOWN

Paul Bowles

"One of the year's most remarkable and exciting novels." *New Statesman*

"The excitement and suspense of the action are intense." *Manchester Guardian*

"Paul Bowles is a superb writer." *Yorkshire Post*

"Great imaginative and descriptive powers." *Birmingham Post*

"Individual and disturbing." *The Times* 12*s. 6d.*

Ready Next Thursday

CHOSEN COUNTRY

John Dos Passos

"Dos Passos at his best, only better," writes *The New York Times Book Review* of this magnificent new novel, adding "All the gifts which produced *Manhattan Transfer* and *U.S.A.* are as alive as ever they were." 15*s.*

JOHN LEHMANN

MONETARY POLICY A SYMPOSIUM

Contributions by H. G. Johnson, Cambridge, C. M. Kennedy, Oxford, Professor R. F. Kahn, Cambridge, Professor D. H. Robertson, Cambridge, Professor J. R. Hicks, Oxford, R. F. Harrod, Oxford, Professor F. W. Paish, London, and T. Balogh, Oxford.

Royal 8vo 7*s. 6d. net*

THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE

By FRED HOYLE

"Absorbing . . . a firm and lucid style with the weight of knowledge and a powerful mind behind it. No one has expounded the physical cosmos so well since Jeans and Eddington." —*The Sunday Times.* 6*s. net*

93,500 copies sold
10th Edition in Preparation

MAURICE OF SULLY AND THE MEDIEVAL VERNACULAR HOMILY

By C. A. ROBSON

Demy 8vo 21*s. net*

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

By A. DUPONT-SOMMER

Translated by E. M. ROWLEY

"This little book is not one to be missed." —*Time and Tide.* "An intriguing book, brilliantly argued . . . here made accessible to English readers in an impeccable translation." —*The Sunday Times.* 12*s. 6d. net*

BASIL BLACKWELL

Books in General

In 1549, when St. Francis Xavier arrived from Goa as the first Christian missionary in Japan, the state of the country was hardly encouraging. There was war of all against all. Aristocratic chieftains fought each other in a bewildering series of combinations through all sixty-six provinces; bellicose Buddhist monks, after ravaging the countryside, retreated to hilarious potations in the heavily fortified "monastery of the Original Vow"; and the Lord of Heaven and his courtiers were reduced to supplementing their meagre incomes by selling autographed verses. And then there were the differences of language, customs and ideology between two highly developed, self-satisfied nations. Christianity, being (in theory at least) a religion of humility, seemed at first disgusting to the aristocratic Japanese, while Portuguese missionaries were inclined to dismiss the grave Buddhist philosophers as "a bunch of pederastic hypocrites." And yet, in spite of these difficulties, within thirty years the Jesuit missionaries had achieved an astonishing success. Patronised by the great war-lords, indispensable in trade and diplomacy, they had extended their influence throughout the country, and confidently promised to redeem, for the Papacy, the loss of England by the conquest of Japan. Within another thirty years those hopes were utterly dashed. Christianity was outlawed, the missionaries were expelled, their converts relapsed or were burnt; and Japan, for two centuries, alone among Oriental kingdoms, successfully resisted the expansion of Europe.

How can we account for this spectacular success, this sudden reversal? Professor Boxer's brilliant study* (a work of wonderful scholarship admirably presented) provides the answer. The Jesuit success was an incident in that other miracle of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese commercial empire in the East; its failure was a consequence of a separate development in the same century; the transformation of Japan from an aristocratic to a feudal state.

The Portuguese empire was indeed a miracle. Partly it was good luck. By a happy chance the Portuguese arrived in Asia to find a vacuum in sea-borne trade. The Chinese fleets, which had once penetrated to Arabia, had now, in the decline of the Ming dynasty, disappeared from the Indian Ocean; the Arab ships could not compete with the great Portuguese vessels—those giant carracks whose sudden arrival so amazed the East. The vast trade of Asia—of which the long-distance trade with Europe was but a fragment—lay open to the first comers. The Portuguese came and took it; and while the vacuum lasted—until Europe overtook them or Asia resisted them—it was their monopoly.

This vacuum, this temporary monopoly, extended also to Japan. In the period of aristocratic anarchy the *Wako*, or Japanese sea-pirates, had so enraged the Ming Emperors, that all trade between China and Japan was, by imperial order, forbidden. But the Japanese nobility could not dispense with foreign wares. In their anarchy they still remained aristocrats, with aristocratic tastes: builders of majestic palaces, lavish patrons of the arts, connoisseurs of exquisite tea-kettles, consumers of Chinese silk. Further, for their politics, they needed two other essential imports: weapons for war and, increasingly as their politics became more complex, gold for finance. To them therefore the *Kuro-fune* or Portuguese "Great Ship" which sailed annually from Macao, with a cargo worth a million ducats, making a fortune for its captain on every voyage, came, like the annual flooding of the Nile to Egyptian pashas, a blessing from Heaven; and eagerly, as it groped in the stormy China Sea for a safe harbour, they competed to receive it. Did it not bring the firearms of Europe, the gold of Africa, the silks of China—for which, moreover, they could pay in native silver, marketable throughout the East?

It also brought the Jesuits. Soldiers of Christ, or at least of the Pope, the newest, most militant, most devoted, and yet most flexible of religious orders, founded indeed by a Spanish bigot, but quickly transferred to more skilful Italian management, the observant Jesuits, in every country, studied the rules of politics and deduced the terms of success. In Japan those terms were two: an aristocratic society and the Great Ship; and between these two forces the Jesuits quickly became the essential intermediaries. Able linguists, essential interpreters, obviously respected by the Portuguese captains, the Jesuits seemed to the Japanese an inseparable part and condition of the Great Ship, and many a *daimyo* or lord begged them to settle on his fief, confident that the Great Ship would not be far behind. In this competition it was Omura, Lord of Nagasaki, who triumphed over his rivals. In 1571, to lure the Great Ship annually to his fief, he handed over the great harbour and fortress of Nagasaki, with all its revenues, in perpetuity to the Jesuits. There was indeed one inconvenient limitation of their sovereignty—"Since we cannot order people to be killed," they complained, "when we wish, we do not derive so much benefit from it as did its former lord"; and there were some criticisms of such temporal ambition in spiritual men: even the Jesuit General, Aquaviva, had momentary doubts about its propriety. But in the end all was well: after a dose of prayerful meditation the General swallowed his doubts; the cession was confirmed; and thenceforth the Great Ship came annually to the Jesuit port of Nagasaki.

The Jesuits never lost their connection with the Great Ship. Indeed—thanks to a contract skilfully negotiated between Fr. Valignano and the Macao capitalists—they increased it: for to finance their activities they themselves invested directly in its cargo. In the Jesuit warehouse in Macao an accomplished priest handled their official quota of silk; they also traded unofficially, on the black market; and they acted as bullion-brokers for ambitious Japanese lords. Nevertheless, they did not lose sight of the other condition of success: the aristocratic character of Japanese society. St. Francis Xavier had preached Christian humility; his successors dropped that inconvenient pose. Prudently disguised as Buddhist priests, attended by deferential Negro slaves, they turned the poor from their doors and sought only, by their elegant establishment and courtly manners, to please those great lords whom the lower classes (they said) would always obediently imitate. Successive tyrants, who personally conducted Jesuit missionaries over their newly built palaces and pleasure gardens, were charmed by the appreciative flattery of these visitors, who seemed not only to direct the treasures of the Great Ship but also to be, like their hosts, the aristocratic leaders of a military society, cultivated, self-controlled, polite. The Jesuits, on their side, returned the compliment, and admitted the Japanese *samurai*, alone among Asiatics, into their order. They therefore found it very irritating when their aristocratic monopoly was suddenly threatened by a rival "Great Ship," the Manila Galleon, bearing from the newly settled Philippine Islands an incidental cargo of proletarian Spanish friars.

Loudly the Jesuits protested. Was not Japan within the sphere of Portuguese patronage which King Philip, now King of both Spain and Portugal, had promised to respect? Now these "idiot friars," only fit to bash down the idols of American savages, were blundering into the formal civilisation of Japan, ruining the delicate diplomacy of the experts, and (what was worse) disgracing Christianity by their attention to the lower classes, by admitting to their hospices "the poxy rabble," by openly wearing their monastic habits, and by preaching the unedifying doctrine of Christ crucified. Pope and King alike supported the Jesuits; but it was not enough. The friars continued to come; open war broke out between the orders; and from their mutual recriminations new deductions could be drawn by those successive Japanese magnates—Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, Ieyasu—who were gradually triumphing over aristocratic anarchy. For why, they asked, were the Christian priests there at all? Was it not as a fifth-column of King Philip, who had already, with their help (as they boasted), conquered almost the whole world? Already a clumsy Portuguese Jesuit had hinted as much. If only Hideyoshi could have done without the Great Ship, he would gladly have dispensed with these dangerous missionaries as his random gestures showed: the expulsion (on paper) of the Jesuits, in 1587, the crucifixion, ten years later, of a batch of friars. He might welcome the Manila Galleon as an alternative to the Macao carrack; but it also doubled the danger. Then, at the turn of the century, came other sailors, Dutch and English, denouncing King Philip's plans of world conquest, from which their own countries (they said) had been saved by expelling the Jesuits.

Could the new rulers of Japan do the same? Only if they no longer needed the Great Ship. By the reign of the third great centralising tyrant, Ieyasu, who had totally subjected the aristocracy, that condition was fulfilled. Already the Portuguese monopoly had been broken—for the piracy of the *Wako* had been suppressed, and Japanese vessels, under government charter, were trading direct with China and the South; already in Japan great native capitalists were in control of foreign trade; soon native manufac-

* *The Christian Century in Japan.* By C. R. Boxer. *California University Press; Cambridge.* 50s. 6d.

ture would render Japan independent of Chinese silk. Thus the terms of the Jesuit success no longer applied; and Ieyasu, who, like Bismarck, suffered from *le cauchemar des alliances*, decided finally to expel the unpredictable "Southern Barbarians." In 1614 he did it, by edict; and since an edict proved insufficient, his successor Iemitsu, a more capricious tyrant, turned to active persecution. So the agents of the new bureaucracy set to work; the misbelievers were hunted out; and the flames of the *auto-da-fé* burnt as merrily in Nagasaki as in Lisbon or Rome. For the aristocratic converts of the Jesuits this was enough. Already a court nobility, they returned with ease to the religion of the court. Only the humble converts of the "idiot friars," the downtrodden peasantry, to whom Christianity still bore its original social meaning, proved the Jesuits wrong by refusing to follow their masters' apostasy. In 1637 at Shimabara the Christian peasantry broke out in rebellion against their lord and thereby hastened the last stage in the closure of Japan: the final and permanent banning of the Great Ship.

For how, argued Iemitsu, could the doltish peasantry of Kyushu have thus rebelled unless encouraged from Macao? The Great Ship, no longer indispensable to Japan, now seemed a positive menace to it. The Macao capitalists, to whom the Japan trade remained indispensable, protested their innocence; but in vain. The Portuguese, they were now officially told, were banished for ever from Japan, on pain of death. In despair, the City Fathers decided on a last hopeless embassy. Four of their leading members, with attendant train, set out by sea to plead for their trade. Before embarking, passengers and crew took the sacrament, for they hardly hoped to return alive. In July, 1640, they reached Nagasaki, and were at once arrested pending the answer of the Shogun. On August 1 it came: an executioner for every member of the party. In the end thirteen of the native seamen were reprieved, and having witnessed the execution of their sixty-one companions and the burning of their ship, were sent back to Macao, in a crazy vessel, to inform the Portuguese that even if "King Philip himself, or even the very God of the Christians, or the great Buddha, should disobey this ban, they shall pay for it with their heads." Thus ended the Macao Great Ship, the mainstay of Japanese Christianity, and with it, for two centuries, European contact with Japan. Only the Manila Galleon continued, during those two centuries, its astonishing annual journeys across the Pacific with its priceless cargoes of silver and silk: but even the Manila Galleon no longer touched Japan. There "the Christian Century" was over: it was *Sakoku*, the Closed Country.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

THE CYCLISTS

A sound of ladies and of dragonflies
Attends the cyclists walking on the quay.
The spokes are ticking as the lady lies
Upon the arm the handlebar leaves free.

This Cocteau saw. But Rilke tags it best:
Eurydice upon a shadowed street
Reluctantly abandoning her rest,
And Hermes' wings still whirring at his feet.

DONALD DAVIE

EQUALITY TO DATE

Equality. By R. H. TAWNEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.

Ever since its first appearance in 1931, Professor Tawney's *Equality* has held a major place among the few books which have succeeded in defining the aims and ideals of English Socialism. Allying a unique elegance of style to an admirable precision of thought, it presented a sustained indictment of the economic and social inequalities of the society it described and a comprehensive programme for the elimination of the evils it denounced. This new edition—revised and with a new chapter added—is particularly welcome at the present time, when much thought is being devoted to the principles and future tasks of the Labour movement. Besides focusing attention on essentials, it affords a useful perspective of the road we have travelled since it was written and of how much remains to be done if the ideals to which *Equality* gave expression are to be realised.

Tawney's central theme was that a large measure of social and economic equality is essential to the achievement of that common culture without which a community is not a community at all; that great disparities of wealth and status result in unjustified and unjustifiable differences between rich and poor in those areas of life where "vulgar irrelevancies of class and status" least apply, as in health, education, security and the expectation of life itself; and that these differences, besides the waste of human and physical resources they produce, also degrade the quality of life of the society within which they have play. The strategy of equality, Tawney suggested, was not "to re-divide the national income into equal fractions and to set everyone rubbing up his arithmetic to make sure of his quota"; it was to pursue a number of policies which, even though some of them would not be directly geared to the achievement of equality, would yet contribute to it. Among these were "palliative" measures, such as the further redistribution of income through taxation and other financial measures designed to the same end, and the radical extension of the collective provision for common needs. These policies, however, would not strike at the root causes of inequalities; hence the need to bring under public control (of which nationalisation was only one form) the key positions of the economic world and to plan what had formerly been left to private decisions.

These recommendations have been at the core of Labour legislation since the war. The war itself, although it drained so many of our resources, played a vital part, which is still far too little appreciated in "softening up" the resistance that these policies might otherwise have encountered. How far have they brought us nearer to the kind of society of which Tawney spoke? There is some evidence, he cautiously notes, that "a somewhat more equalitarian social order is in process of emerging." The widest disparities of income have been reduced. Extreme poverty and destitution are no longer the blight they once were; the extension of social services of all kinds has gone some little way in ensuring to all that civic minimum which is alone consistent with civilised life. Nationalisation and public control, as well as the greater strength of organised labour, have begun—though no more than begun—a shift in the balance of economic power. Nor ought one to ignore the vital change, so pregnant with consequences for the future, which has taken place in the minimal expectations of ordinary citizens as a result of the demonstration that it is practicable for a community, even in the face of adverse economic circumstances, to improve its social life. These are clearly no mean achievements, and it would be as foolish to minimise their importance as to exaggerate their extent.

If one were to take seriously the frantic warnings of doom and decay which have accompanied every advance, and the extravagant claims of staggering progress which have sometimes been put forward, it would seem that the British social

DENNIS WHEATLEY

320 pages of interplanetary adventure

STAR OF ILL-OMEN

12s. 6d.

★

H. A. VACHELL

The Lamp of Ciclonda

"A fine craftsman . . . still knows what he is about." E. A. C. STRONG (*Spectator*). 9s. 6d.

SHAW DESMOND

Love by the Dark Water

The author of *Nathanael* has written that rare thing—a good novel about Ireland. 10s. 6d.

THOMAS MUIR

Death Under Virgo

"He sets out to write a right rattlingly good crime detective story and right rattlingly he succeeds." SIR ESTHWAITE 10s. 6d.

PHILIP LINDSAY

The Merry Mistress

With unerring historical accuracy and the most intimate detail this novel reflects an age in the life of one of its women—Jane Shore. 12s. 6d.

JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS

Exultation of Skylarks

Fine goings-on in an art academy are the subject of this witty outburst. 10s. 6d.

W. R. PHILIPSON

The Immaculate Forest

An account of an expedition to the unexplored country between the Andes and the Amazon. 32 illus. 2 maps. 18s.

SIR HENRY SLESSER

The Anglican Dilemma

Controversy increases. "A luminary of the law marshals his resources of knowledge, logic and ruthlessness." RAYMOND MORTIMER (*Sunday Times*). 12s. 6d.

★

Hutchinson

system has been radically transformed. A cursory examination of the relevant data suggests that, to put it mildly, much remains to be done. The ownership of property, and with it our social structure, for instance, have undergone little change since pre-war days; many aspects of our educational system are still lamentably deficient. In the perspective of the past, the social services have made giant strides; in that of the future, they are still in their infancy. It is equally clear that some of the most acute problems which confront a society such as ours have proved far more intractable than appeared likely when Tawney first wrote this book. To take but one example, it is now evident that the type of nationalisation to which Labour has been committed is no sufficient solution to the problem of the wage-earner's participation as a full partner in the processes of industrial life. We have yet to learn the secret of industrial democracy without which work must remain the stony path to a leisure made mean by mean circumstances; "alienation," meaning the frustration of potentially creative effort, is a problem too directly related to the achievement of the good society to need emphasis; nor is the relation of work to culture a new theme. Both in material and spiritual terms, our civilisation needs widening as well as refining; the assertion often encountered that the two processes are incompatible and indeed mutually destructive is an evasion, not a solution; of the difficulties involved. In a different, but highly relevant context, we have come to learn that equality is more than a national concept. Just as inequality stultifies the national life of a society, so does the division of the world into relatively wealthy countries and others that are still steeped in the most bitter poverty help to poison and corrupt international life.

Not the least of the charges that are brought against a widening of equality is that it is fatal to freedom. It would be wrong to ignore the fact that the question of freedom in an equalitarian society deserves the most careful attention; but nothing so far suggests that Tawney's contention is invalid:

> In so far as the opportunity to lead a life worthy of human beings is needlessly confined to a minority, not a few of the conditions applauded as freedom would more properly be denounced as privilege. Action which causes such opportunities to be more widely shared is, therefore, twice blessed. It not only subtracts from inequality, but adds to freedom.

RALPH MILIBAND

The Book Society's non-fiction Choice

VICTORIAN OLYMPUS

by **WILLIAM GAUNT**

The author of *The Aesthetic Adventure* and *The Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy* has here employed his considerable talents as art historian in telling one of the most extraordinary 'success stories' of the last hundred years — that of the 'classic' and academic painters of late Victorian times.

Illustrated 15s. net

★

HERMAN WOUK's

best-selling novel of the U.S. Navy in the Pacific

THE 'CAINE' MUTINY

has just been awarded

The Pulitzer Prize for fiction

9th impression now printing

15s. net

JONATHAN CAPE

THE SCOTS POETIC TRADITION

Scottish Verse, 1851-1951. Selected by DOUGLAS YOUNG. *Nelson.* 18*s.*

The first half of Mr. Young's anthology covers a period of decadence, the second, one of revival. The Victorian age in Scotland, an age of tremendous moral and practical energy, was certainly not a decadent period generally; but it had little use for the arts for their own sake, and literature was thought of almost as a hobby for weaklings. Stevenson, who marks the break between the literary decadence and the literary revival, became a writer partly because he was an invalid. He never felt that it was enough to be just a writer, and even at one time hankered after a Professorship of Scottish History and Constitutional Law. To be a preacher, a moralist, a thinker, was, for most Scotsmen of the Victorian age, a much more important thing than to be a "mere writer." Perhaps it essentially is. But there were few who, like Stevenson, realised what a hard job it is to master "mere writing." A diffidence about their function tended, therefore, to accompany Scottish poets south of the Border. The lives of gifted men like Thomson and Davidson share with that of the deplorable Robert Buchanan a flavour of soured and grubby bohemianism, the bohemianism that shuts so many useful doors in the poet's face. And their social failure, moreover, is reflected in their verse—in its uncertain poise, its strained emphasis, its lack of finish. Andrew Lang, on the other hand, having achieved the social graces, never felt it necessary to achieve much else. In smaller figures, like Thomas Given or poor David Gray, one gets even less: the backwash of Keats and Shelley. Thus to read the first half of Mr. Young's anthology is like browsing over a bookseller's shilling stall. There is the dusty smell, the sense of vain hopes, lost promise, dogged persistence in failure.

And the native Lowland Scots tradition was also, during the Victorian age, in decay. A few lines from a folk-song,

> I can drink and nae be drunk,
> I can fecht and nae be slain,
> I can court anither's lass
> And aye be welcome tae my ain—

have a ring (how good Anon always is!), a spunk and raudiness, that one looks for in vain among the Kailyarders. I wish Mr. Young had printed, as he was half tempted to, even a moderately discreet version of that grand bawdy ballad, "The Ball o' Kirriemuir," with its hauntingly noble and tragic refrain:

> Singin, "Fa'll dae it this time,
> Fa'll dae it noo?
> The yin that did it last time
> Canna dae it noo!"

As a "document," then, if not exactly as a collection of poems one would wish to read, the first part of Mr. Young's anthology is extremely valuable. The second half, covering the revival, is naturally much more readable, though at the same time one is more tempted to find fault with it. It is good that young men are thinking of Scotland again as a kingdom, not as a province; of Lowland Scots as a language, not as a dialect. It does not, however, follow that their poems will always be good. Mr. Young flings his net as wide as can be, and I think nobody in the movement, or even in the period, is left out. The effect of this inclusiveness is rather unfair to the few poets who really do stand out. Sidney Goodsir Smith, for instance, does stand head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries and if Mr. Young had been a little more ruthless about some other Lallans poets he might have found space for a much larger portion of Smith's *Under the Eildon Tree*: probably the most honest poem about carnal love that anybody has written in Scotland since Burns. On the other hand, the two leading figures in the Scottish literary revival, Hugh MacDiarmid and Edwin Muir, are very adequately represented. Mr. MacDiarmid is not shown either as a mere master of the short lyric or a mere obstinate proser in broken-backed blank verse; Mr. Young has found poems in which thought and verse fuse, and his selection is wide enough to convey both MacDiarmid's earthiness and his range. Mr. Young also deserves great credit for printing a beautiful and almost forgotten poem by Edwin Muir, a lament for that noble Scottish past, which to-day sometimes seems so tragically irrelevant to the problems of a large-scale industrial society (though it is MacDiarmid's great quality, of course, that he has, unlike Muir, been able to make poetry out of that obstinate, gritty material):

> Percy and Douglas dead,
> And Bruce on his burial bed,
> Where he lies white as may
> With wars and leprosy,
> And all the kings before
> This land was kingless,
> And all the singers before
> This land was songless,
> This land that with its dead
> and living waits the Judgment Day.

The "poor frozen life and shallow banishment," of which Mr. Muir speaks in this poem, do sometimes come out almost too vividly in this anthology—in the sag and drag, the second-handness, of much that Mr. Young, with his piety towards everyone who has at least tried to speak for Scotland, chooses to print. But there is a deeper, earthier, harsher life in Scotland and that, particularly in the Lallans poems, comes out too. For Scotsmen at least, and perhaps for students of cultural history generally, this is an indispensable book. And if one often feels depressed while reading it, one closes it, I think, with a sense of qualified hope.

G. S. FRASER

ABOUT IRELAND

Dublin. By MAURICE CRAIG. *Cresset Press.* 42*s.*
Ireland and the Irish. By CHARLES DUFF. *Boardman.* 15*s.*
The Emerald Isle. By GEOFFREY TAYLOR. *Evans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
The Face of Ulster. By DENIS O'D. HANNA. *Batsford.* 15*s.*
Connacht: Galway. By RICHARD HAYWARD. *Arthur Barker.* 21*s.*

Ireland to-day being tourist-minded, more and more books may be expected about her, all of which no doubt will sell, especially to travel-restricted Britons. The danger is that in the purveyance of easy and carefree reading an author may lapse into easy and careless writing. For most books about Ireland are mainly a rehash of old materials though there are a few, like Dr. E. E. Evans's *Irish Heritage*, which do fill a notable gap; to this specialist minority belongs Mr. Craig's book on Dublin. The more general books therefore have to be treated like anthologies and judged by their range, sequences, contrasts and, above all, by their omissions. Thus these new books are all lavishly and attractively illustrated, but we could begin by asking why they illustrate so much of one kind of thing and so little of others. The Irish and Ulster Tourist Associations take excellent photographs but they naturally are over-concerned with the "scenic"; thus Mr. Duff and Mr. Taylor produce identical photographs both of Clifden and Glendalough. One needs more pictures like Mr. Taylor's Orange Celebrations, Mr. Duff's turf-cutters, Mr. Hanna's very ordinary village streets. In none of these books is there an illustration of a cottage interior or a pub interior, or even of the Belfast shipyards.

Again, when a man is saying something not

Leonardo da Vinci

SIR KENNETH CLARK

Described in the Catalogue Notes of the Quincentenary Exhibition as 'the best general book on Leonardo as an artist'. The second, revised edition, has a long new Introductory Note, and reconsidered passages on the Louvre *Virgin of the Rocks* and on Leonardo's activities as a sculptor. A learned and enthusiastic interpretation for the present generation, taking account of all recent researches.

Second edition. 35*s. net*

Mathematics at the Fireside

G. L. S. SHACKLE

A new experiment in the presentation of mathematical ideas to children, for children and their parents and teachers. 'The strangest book I have ever come across since *Alice in Wonderland*.' M. J. MORONEY. 'Very interesting and stimulating.' E. T. NORRIS. 'The enthusiasm of the author is infectious.' K. S. SNELL. 'I hope that mathematicians will consider this book seriously. It has a light touch but an important underlying purpose.' PROFESSOR G. PATRICK MEREDITH. 16*s. net*

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

80th birthday on Sunday

BERTRAND RUSSELL

celebrates with a new book

THE IMPACT OF SCIENCE ON SOCIETY

In this challenging book Bertrand Russell examines the changes brought about by science. His optimistic view of the future is best illustrated by his own words: "Science offers the possibility of far greater well-being for the human race than it has ever known before. It offers this on certain conditions—abolition of war, even distribution of ultimate power, and a limitation of the growth of population. 7*s. 6d.*

other books available

A History of Western Philosophy, 21*s.* New Hopes for a Changing World, 9*s. 6d.* Unpopular Essays, 8*s. 6d.* The conquest of Happiness, 8*s. 6d.* Education and the Social Order, 9*s. 6d.* Freedom and Organisation, 1814-1914, 15*s.* In Praise of Idleness, 8*s. 6d.* Inquiry into Meaning and Truth, 16*s.* Marriage and Morals, 9*s. 6d.* Mysticism and Logic, 9*s. 6d.* On Education, 10*s. 6d.* Outline of Philosophy, 15*s.* Power, 15*s. 6d.* Sceptical Essays, 8*s. 6d.* Scientific Outlook, 8*s. 6d.*

And still sailing happily along

KON-TIKI

by Thor Heyerdahl

Sales now over 413,000

Illustrated. **12*s. 6d.***

ALLEN & UNWIN LTD: 40 MUSEUM ST., LONDON, W.C.1

Experiments in Living

PROFESSOR A. MACBEATH

The Gifford Lectures for 1948-1949 delivered in the University of St. Andrews. A study of the nature and foundation of ethics or morals in the light of recent work in Social Anthropology. 30*s.*

The Rate of Interest

And Other Essays

JOAN ROBINSON

The Rate of Interest. Notes on the Economics of Technical Progress. The Generalization of the General Theory. Each of these essays is more or less self-contained but they are all closely connected with the extension of Keynes's General Theory. 10*s. 6d.*

Studies in British Financial Policy

1914-25

E. VICTOR MORGAN

"The fact that he has included in his work a wealth of facts and figures has not stopped him producing a book that is very readable." *Financial Times.* 28*s.*

MACMILLAN

LET IT COME DOWN

Paul Bowles

"One of the year's most remarkable and exciting novels." *New Statesman*

"The excitement and suspense of the action are intense." *Manchester Guardian*

"Paul Bowles is a superb writer." *Yorkshire Post*

"Great imaginative and descriptive powers." *Birmingham Post*

"Individual and disturbing." *The Times* 12*s. 6d.*

Ready Next Thursday

CHOSEN COUNTRY

John Dos Passos

"Dos Passos at his best, only better," writes *The New York Times Book Review* of this magnificent new novel, adding "All the gifts which produced *Manhattan Transfer* and *U.S.A.* are as alive as ever they were." 15*s.*

JOHN LEHMANN

MONETARY POLICY A SYMPOSIUM

Contributions by H. G. Johnson, Cambridge, C. M. Kennedy, Oxford, Professor R. F. Kahn, Cambridge, Professor D. H. Robertson, Cambridge, Professor J. R. Hicks, Oxford, R. F. Harrod, Oxford, Professor F. W. Paish, London, and T. Balogh, Oxford

Royal 8vo 15*s. 6d. net*

THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE

By FRED HOYLE

"Absorbing . . . a firm and lucid style with the weight of knowledge and a powerful mind behind it. No one has expounded the physical cosmos so well since Jeans and Eddington." —*The Sunday Times.*

5*s. net*

93,000 copies sold

Fifth Edition in Preparation

MAURICE OF SULLY AND THE MEDIEVAL VERNACULAR HOMILY

By C. A. ROBSON

Demy 8vo 21*s. net*

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

By A. DUPONT-SOMMER

Translated by E. M. ROWLEY

"This little book is not one to be missed." —*Time and Tide.* "An intriguing book, brilliantly argued . . . here made accessible to English readers in an impeccable translation." —*The Sunday Times.*

5*s. 6d. net*

BASIL BLACKWELL

A NEW
LIBRARY SERVICE

Harrods Library, which covers every available book in print, now offers to you the new 'Knightsbridge Service', bringing within the 'guarantee' novels up to 15/- and non-fiction up to 30/-.

Each librarian attends to a limited number of subscribers only, ensuring a personal service to each.

The subscription includes free delivery within the area or postage anywhere.

Write for Library Prospectus

Harrods

Library, Third Floor

HARRODS LTD KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

To be published May 26th

Norman Douglas

FOOTNOTE ON

CAPRI

This book, written in the real Norman Douglas style, gives a short sketch of the island and its history. Illustrated with 48 photographs of Capri taken by Islay Lyons, it is a handsome souvenir and an excellent introduction to the famous island. With frontispiece portrait.

Crown 8vo. 13s. 6d. *net.*

To be published May 20th

Jules Romains

Tussles with Time

Translated by GERARD HOPKINS

In this book, which contains a long and a short novel, the author has reverted to his early interest in abnormal and semi-occult experiences, and the book ranks with his early trilogy "Psyche," which was published many years ago, in a single volume, entitled "The Body's Rupture."

Crown 8vo. 13s. 6d. *net.*

SIDGWICK & JACKSON

very new, he ought to say it extra well. With touristic subjects there is a terrible temptation to be arch or corny. Thus Mr. Hayward, while very informative, is unduly addicted to superlatives and to words like "lovely" and "veritable" and allows his landscape to "wax in splendour" on two pages running. And Mr. Hanna, who does not overwrite in the same way, has one most irritating habit, presumably due to a straining after freshness. Freshness, I admit, is needed but why should foals seen from the train be "a Chirico fantasy" or the Ulster mountains (only two pages later) be "like a Frank Dobson study of a female nude," or the Giant's Causeway be "a Max Ernst nightmare"? And why should the boats on Lough Neagh remind one of Galilee? And why, oh why, is Errigal mountain "a twin sister of Fujiyama"? Of these four authors (I exclude Mr. Craig, who writes with the dryness proper to a book of reference) Mr. Taylor is the only one whose writing in itself is vivid. Perhaps his style is natural and fresh not only because he is a poet but because, unlike the other three, he is not at all frightened either of saying the wrong thing or of leaving out what bores him; in fact, he is not playing to the tourist. Still, all these books have their merits, i.e. (in popular jargon), actuality content, entertainment value, and glamour.

Mr. Craig's *Dublin*, subtitled "a social and architectural history" of the years 1660-1860, is a solid piece of scholarship for students of history and architecture but could also at moments entertain the general reader, as in its descriptions of eighteenth-century gamblers, "pinkindindies," and Fellows of Trinity. His account begins with the Restoration which in Ireland was "as much the Restoration of the house of Butler as of the house of Stuart" and which also, as he points out, meant the end of the Irish Middle Ages. His account ends, thanks to the same Irish time-lag (which all these authors very properly mention), with "Georgian" houses still going up in Dublin. Dublin, built largely by Englishmen for Englishmen, remains a Georgian Mecca the width and vistas of whose streets must be a revelation to Londoners. Luck came into it, of course. As Mr. Craig says of Gandon, who designed both the Custom House and the Four Courts:

> He was, of course, very fortunate; no man can be a great architect who is not. Very few are given the chance to build two monumental buildings on riverside sites near enough to be interrelated but not near enough to interfere with one another, and so placed that they dominate an entire city.

The book contains an invaluable appendix listing the worthwhile buildings in some seven or eight score streets.

Mr. Hanna also, being an architect, gives considerable space to architecture, and this is the more original part of his book, since very few people have bothered with Ulster buildings before him. The "Ulster bawn or defended farmhouse" is certainly an attractive species, while the Ulster church, if not to everyone's taste, is an interesting phenomenon (the time-lag again) from which Mr. Hanna derives the thesis that "This country carried on the Gothic idea for nearly a century after it had died in England, and the result was a strange mixture of Gothic and Renaissance, which I have called 'Planters Gothic.'" Mr. Hanna—and who can blame him?—would like to see more colour in the Ulster town. Mr. Hayward would like to see more taste throughout the country; he is angered—and who can blame him?—by the demolition of Coole. His book on the City and County of Galway is packed with fascinating fact and illustrated with pencil drawings by Mr. Raymond Piper.

Ireland and the Irish is half history and half guide-book; as the latter it is useful for strangers who want "convenient centres" for "excursions"; as the former it is full of sound sense. Mr. Duff is right, for instance, in stressing that the Irish are "basically conservative and calculable" in spite of their habit, as he puts it, of shaking the kaleidoscope, especially when with strangers. He is right in insisting that the Irish, both Protestant and Catholic, are puritan. And in linking realism and dreaming as "almost commonplace Irish characteristics." And in denying that the word "Celtic" means anything racial. And in deploring what happened to Davy Byrne's. My chief criticism is that he tends to admire too many things too much (as indeed do Mr. Hanna and Mr. Hayward). Ireland at certain times and places can be most uncouth, most depressing, most destructive.

Mr. Taylor's book is short and personal. Deliberately eschewing politics he begins with the statement that "Ireland is unique among European nations in having no history"—apart, that is, from natural and supernatural history. Almost at once he moves on to frogs and then to gardening and shortly to Firbolgs. And various people are going to be shocked by him. He will shock non-Irish Philhibernians by asserting: "As a philosophy in Church or State, Liberalism is alien to the Irish." He will shock antiquity-lovers by his attitude to ruins, Gaelic Leaguers by his irreverence for the Book of Kells and his opposition to any neo-Celtic art movement, Americans by his dread of their "contaminating" influence and his colleagues by the remark that Mites na gCopaleen is "the most interesting and I think, most important of contemporary Irish writers." And he will very much shock Dubliners by declaring that "in the art of polite conversation Belfast has now and easily taken first place from Dublin." An enjoyable book—and good for one.

LOUIS MACNEICE

FROM THE SECRET ANNEXE

The Diary of a Young Girl. By ANNE FRANK. *Constellation Books.* 12s. 6d.

Anne Frank's diary is probably a unique document. It is the detailed day-to-day record of life of two Jewish families, living in hiding in Amsterdam from July 1942 to August 1944, kept by a schoolgirl in her early 'teens. The schoolgirl would almost certainly have developed into a novelist had she not died in Bergen-Belsen a few months before her sixteenth birthday. Three days after the last entry, the police raided the "Secret Annexe" and all its occupants were arrested and sent to concentration camps. Anne's father was the only one of the eight who survived. The diary was found by two friends who had helped the families during their two-year ordeal at the risk of their own lives. This translation by B. M. Mooyaart-Doubleday is probably a faithful rendering of the girl's style—now admirably sober now facetious, even sniggering. Anne's journal is not only highly interesting as a vivid factual record of life in Amsterdam during the most oppressive and terrifying years of the war, it is also a remarkable study in the psychology of a small group of people forced to live together in almost unbearable proximity.

For two years the Franks, the Van Daans and a crotchety elderly dentist were cooped up in a few rooms at the back of a friend's office over a warehouse. Never once could any of them venture out into the street; the windows had to be kept closed even during the height of summer; even the lavatory could only be used at stated times for fear the sound of the chain should give them away. Through the help of friends outside, they were never actually starving but their food was inadequate and monotonous, often consisting for days on end of dried beans or rotten potatoes. In this unnatural confinement, the personal relations of two married couples, three adolescents and a peculiarly irritating elderly bachelor developed a feverish intensity. Even the continual threat of danger and the knowledge of what terrible, half-guessed fate might be awaiting them did not prevent them from bickering as fiercely, and over the same trivial things, as any two ill-assorted couples sharing a house and quarrelling as to whose turn it was to wash up. Occasionally a major crisis would quell them into comparative peace, as on one agonizing night when the police were actually in the building looking for burglars who had already hacked away part of the secret door. But the moment the crisis had passed, the

bickerings—matrimonial, political and filial—broke out again with new vigour to be noted by the sharp eye of an irrepressible schoolgirl.

However much sympathy one feels with this bright creature so hideously trapped, it is impossible not to feel considerable sympathy with her elders too. It is indeed a tribute to Anne Frank that one forgets her great courage in the face of the real horrors of her situation (of which she was perfectly aware) in an occasional desire to slap her. However exasperating she is at times with her adolescent mixture of private self-pity and public bumptiousness, she always disarms one by her quite unusual honesty. She criticises herself as sharply as she criticises others and she draws one so completely into her family situation with its classic father-mother-daughter tensions that one is almost more enraged than pitiful when the record is brutally broken off for ever. Had Anne survived the concentration camp, there is no doubt she would have become a professional writer. Yet it is possible that she might never have written anything so vivid, and, at times, so deeply moving as this journal. Her death is indeed a tragedy, yet no more tragic in itself than the wanton destruction of the six other less gifted and attractive but equally innocent inmates of the "Secret Annexe." What she has left behind is a book of extraordinary human and historical interest, as living as the mischievous, intelligent face in the photograph which confronts the middle-aged reader with the same shrewd pertness that must so often have been turned on her parents and the Van Daans.

ANTONIA WHITE

NEW NOVELS

The Way to Glory. By J. D. SCOTT. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
A Matter of Conscience. By WERNER BERGENGRUEN. *Thames & Hudson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Young Man on a Dolphin. By ANTHONY THORNE. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Roses are Red. By MARY CRAWFORD. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Scott is a novelist's novelist. Like Mrs. Battle he is all for "the rigour of the game." His book contains no waste matter, there are no ends left lying about. I suspect that even the overtones—and there are more of them here than in *The Margin*—were objectively envisaged, and were not, as with most novelists, the result of an almost unconscious process that grew up in the texture of the writing. Such gifts of precision, authenticity and sense of purpose are what the English novel at present chiefly lacks. For above all, Mr. Scott is a contemporary writer. For him, as for Mr. Balchin (before he was "softened up" by the Bible and the Borgias), Mr. Walter Allen and Mr. Angus Wilson, all in their very different ways, the contemporary scene *matters*. With them it is not a lapse into the Dark Ages, the sequel to a lost period of Gracious Living or a psychological trough in which the natural humours of Forsytes and Good Companions have for a moment been swamped by unnatural neuroses. It is the Here and Now that we must all write about, or at least take as our point of departure, if we are going to write novels at all.

Godfrey Ansell, a civil engineer in Paris for a month on business, is nearing one of life's dangerous corners. He has lost the ideals, social and political, with which he and his generation grew up, he has rationalised his timidity in personal relationships, and his marriage, through childlessness, is in sight of breaking up. Four weeks abroad are an interlude that will only leave him more firmly anchored to his scheme of "living and partly living." Some good meals, a round of business visits, a few hours' bookish idling by the *quais* and it will be time to go home. One night, in the street, Ansell saves a woman from being attacked by a couple of *apache* toughs. In the scrimmage one of the men coshes him and the girl takes him home to her flat. Lazy, vulgar, affectionate and seductive, Sara is the perfect mistress for a business visitor. She and Ansell do all the commonplace things—they lunch, go on picnics, have tea in a café tree-nest. All the while Ansell is conscious that he is seeing only one side of Sara's life. He feels she is surrounded by all kinds of pressures and problems that are unknown to him. Half-way through the book he visits a Turkish bath. Here Mr. Scott's sense of construction works beautifully. For three or four pages his hero lies soothed and outstretched; it is as though the whole narrative and atmosphere of the book were becalmed in mid-passage amid palm trees, mosaics, dim greenish light and splashing water.

> . . . Ansell felt a premonitory pleasure as he curled his toes round the matting and bounced gently up and down on the springboard. If one couldn't have a sense of security one did without; if one couldn't have a child, one avoided a certain amount of worry; if one's marriage was breaking up, one took a mistress. If one got bored with one's mistress, one walked out on her and went swimming. And so, in one way or another, one made one's way through official despair by the interstices of private pleasures—

Returning to Sara's flat, Ansell meets her brother Nicky. His mistress's languors, her crisp black hair, her liking for rum are explained. Sara and her brother are "coloured." Nicky is an R.A.F. deserter on the run.

This, briefly, is the central situation on which Mr. Scott has based his novel. By the end of the book Ansell has rounded his moral crisis. He has done more. Through his relationship with Sara and Nicky he has regained the ancient and natural limits of his conscience. He is reconciled to the "shabby committee rooms," the "wispy, boring good people; the silent refugees; the light-voiced suffering Indians" of his youth. He has rediscovered the way to glory. We take leave of him at a depressing public meeting.

> . . . He hated the prospect; he was not sure he didn't hate the people. Certainly he did not like them; he had not liked Nicky. Fortunately there was no requirement about liking people. It was not because one liked people that one went into the burning house to rescue them. There was really no requirement at all, at the moment, except perhaps to take a step into the dark, and he was only taking that because he had been edged off the position on which he had been standing.

I would like to say much more about this book; about the way Mr. Scott conveys atmosphere, makes you feel the asphalt burning up in a Paris heat wave or the clanking mystery of the Night Ferry; about the phrase of Saint-Evremond that runs, Vinteuil-like, through the book; about how, since the writer is unafraid of the banal, that very phrase—it concerns the wisdom of managing our pleasures—can turn suddenly, with startling success, into "the image of a pint of bitter." Restrained, ironic and precise as his work is, it has at times seemed as though one of Mr. Scott's chief virtues as a novelist—his level-headedness, what Miss Bowen has called his "sheer lack of nonsense"—might also be his chief drawback. *The Way to Glory* proves such fears to have been mistaken.

At first sight Herr Bergengruen's book seems as opaque and diffuse as Mr. Scott's is concise and knife-edged. *A Matter of Conscience* is a philosophic novel of a kind that I imagine only a German of the liberal European tradition could write. An English writer would fight shy of so much sustained reflective dialogue: in French hands it would sink to an Existentialist monologue or fly up and strike the beam as a *jeu d'esprit*. In Mr. Norman Cameron's limpid and excellent translation it reads beautifully, despite one or two heavy-handed passages of "Gothic" humour. The scene is Cassano, an Italian city state; the time is high Renaissance. A friar, the Grand Duke's diplomatic agent, has been murdered. His Magnificence orders an investigation. As the weeks wear on and the damp south-east wind blows evilly over the city, the inquiry lays bare the hearts of the Cassanese. Nespoli, the Chief of Police; Diomede, the idealistic young law student; his step-mother Vittoria; the gentle priest, Don Luca; and the dyer Sperone, the Imitator of Christ—all yield up their secrets. Behind them, sustaining them, trying all men's hearts, is

What You Say, How You Say It, Can Make You More Popular And Successful

A well-known publisher reports there is a simple technique of everyday conversation which can pay you real dividends in both social and professional advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, self-confidence, and greater popularity. The details of this method are described in a fascinating booklet, "Adventures in Conversation," sent free on request.

According to this publisher, many people do not realise how much they could influence others simply by what they say and how they say it. Whether in business, at social functions, or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can make a good impression every time you talk.

To acquaint more readers of this paper with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in everyday conversation, the publishers have printed full details of their interesting self-training method in a 24-page booklet which will be sent free to anyone who requests it. The address is: Conversation Studies (Dept. NSN/CS1), Marple, Cheshire. Enclose 2½d. stamp for postage.

". . . like everything else in the Soviet Union there are higher and higher demands being made on literature . . . in the argument that surrounds their work Soviet writers seem to thrive . . ." writes JAMES ALDRIDGE, *author of "The Diplomat" after a recent visit to the Soviet Union.*

Follow these new developments in Soviet cultural life in the columns of SOVIET LITERATURE, a monthly journal of the arts.

Stories, poems, literary criticisms, art reproductions, film, theatre, every sphere of Soviet culture is discussed by leading writers. Even now a new novel by Ehrenburg is being serialised. 190 pages every month. 12/6d. a year. 6/6 for 6 months. 1/6d. a copy from all Collet's Bookshops or subscribe on this coupon.

To Collet's Subscription Dept., 40 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.
I enclose ..... for ..... month's subscription to Soviet Literature.
Name .....
Address .....

A New Literary Journal

No. 1 2 6

COLONNADE

Ready Now

REX WARNER
Thucydides on Revolution

G. S. FRASER
Yeats and the New Criticism

NICOLAS POWELL
"Coming of Age"

J. H. V. DAVIES
Brunelleschi and Hawksmoor

Poems by

GEORGE SEFERIS *F. T. PRINCE*
IAIN FLETCHER

Obtainable at booksellers, newsagents or direct from COLONNADE, 51 HERNE HILL, S.E.24.
Single copies by post 2 8. Annually 8 -. U.S. $1.75.

Study at Home for a DEGREE!

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without "going into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases, two). You can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall courses have enabled hundreds of men and women to acquire Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. **PROSPECTUS** from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH 85,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

FLY TO *a wonderful holiday-two weeks in*

MAJORCA

Golden Isle of the Mediterranean

Get out of the holiday rut! This year fly in luxury comfort to spend 14 sun-soaked days in lovely Majorca. First-class hotel—private beach. Inclusive cost of £59.10.0 leaves you £1 a day spending money (worth at least £2 a day at home).

Illustrated Prospectus from

HORIZON HOLIDAYS LTD.
146, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4. *Telephone: CITY 7161-4*

A FOREIGN HOLIDAY IN BRITAIN

Foreign currency restrictions will not worry you if you join one of my International House Parties near Windsor or in Sussex by the sea (July 25th-August 31st). You will meet interesting people from Britain and visitors from abroad and have every opportunity for sport and foreign language practice; the terms are reasonable and all inclusive. Ask for "House Party leaflet". Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. Kensington 0911 and 9225.

EXCEPTIONAL HOLIDAY OPPORTUNITIES

in Austria, Denmark, Finland (Games), France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland and U.K.

Send 6d. in stamps for full details to:—
I.F.L., 3, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.

★ SOVIET FILM FESTIVAL

June 2nd—7th, 7.30 p.m.
Scala Theatre, Charlotte Street, W.1. (Mus. 5711)
2nd CAVALIER OF THE GOLD STAR; 3rd MICHURIN; 4th BALLERINA; 5th TALE OF SIBERIA; 6th KUBAN COSSACKS; 7th BRAVE PEOPLE.
Tickets 1/6, 2/-, 3/-, 4/-, 7/6, from Box Office. (S.A.E. with post orders.)

Printed by the British Socialist Publishing Society

Magnificence himself. He is the sword of authority, the fountain of law, the voice of conscience: he is also, as we are made growingly aware, a gifted paranoiac with the pride of Lucifer. Herr Bergengruen's narrative is weak; disquisitions—on youth, self-deception, the innumerable forms of love and the struggle between conscience and authority—are superb. If the rest of this novel was equal to these passages, this would be a great book, rather than a brilliant and profoundly moving one.

Lastly, two lightweights. *Young Man on a Dolphin*, the story of a literary smart-aleck's sentimental education, begins shrilly and mirthlessly in Venice. Once the author has got his poet away from the Grand Canal and shipwrecked him among the fishermen's wives of Pescano, his book becomes witty, ribald and light-hearted. A *sottie* that is amusing enough for Mr. Thorne to have written it rather better.

Miss Crawford, though her novel almost bursts the seams of its cover in the effort, is not amusing at all. Described in the blurb (Heaven only knows why!) as a "psychiatric" comedy, *Roses are Red* is the chintzy chestnut about the ex-Leading Lady of the Manor, who is deciding to make a West End come-back. Alicia Maynehampton is the last in a long line of My-public-still-need-me Mums which goes back as far as Judith Bliss in Mr. Coward's *Hay Fever* and probably much further than that. Alicia was fun in 1925, she is a dead old war-horse to-day. Miss Crawford flogs on and on *and on* at her theme, without much apparent success.

JOHN RAYMOND

THE FASCIST BORES

Ciano's Diary, 1937-1938. Translated by ANDREAS MAYOR. *Methuen.* 21s.

Ciano will be remembered for his Diary long after his wretched contribution to history would otherwise have been forgotten. Not even the tedium of much of the writing can conceal the fact that this new volume, even more perhaps than its predecessor, is likely to remain the standard source of a great deal of important information about Italian Fascism. The earlier volume covered the period 1939–43. This portion of the Diary, previously thought to be lost, runs from August, 1937, to the end of 1938, a period in many ways of greater interest to the historian. In August, 1937, the Spanish war dragged on inconclusively, the Italian legions playing their unheroic part—as great a disappointment to Ciano and Mussolini as they doubtless were to Franco. The Rome-Berlin Axis, in which Rome was still the senior partner, was not finally established, and its full extension to Tokyo was still a tentative development of policy.

British policy was appeasement, coupled with an attempt, intelligible in concept but executed with staggering ineptitude, to divide Mussolini from Hitler. The main object of Italian policy, so far as there was one, was to limit the growing power of Germany by the establishment of a "horizontal" axis between Italy, Jugoslavia, Hungary and Poland; and the rape of Albania was still little more than a hazy project in the back of Ciano's mind. Two years later, when this volume breaks off, Mussolini was virtually in Hitler's power and the "vertical" axis was complete from Berlin to Tokyo. British prestige had touched the nadir of futility after Munich. The Germans had completely outmanœuvred Italy in the Balkans; and the Albanian crime was in the final stages of preparation, the only chestnut Mussolini saw any chance of pulling out of the fire for his own enjoyment. The two years were, in other words, years of failure for Ciano as much as for Chamberlain.

The reader may well wonder whether the ridiculous Ciano had any conception of his folly or his failure. The Diary is written with a grandiose egocentricity, the more terrifying because it appears for the most part to have been scribbled down hastily and without undue self-consciousness. Ciano reveals himself as a vain political spiv, uncritically devoted to Mussolini, not entirely without sly common sense but completely devoid of principle. Mussolini, even through his son-in-law's adoring eyes, appears as a bombastic ass, indecisive, ignorant, blundering, brutal, unprincipled, possessing few qualities but energy and rhetoric. Hitler, though Ciano affects an incongruously patronising manner towards him, shows through the pages as the master criminal, the really big operator who outwitted, outnerved and dominated the Italian Fascists at will.

The tragedy and humiliation of the story to us is the conduct of the British Tories. Chamberlain made earnest approaches to the Duce; his sister-in-law trotted round Rome wearing Fascist insignia—and earning the contempt even of Ciano; Lord Perth worked indefatigably to establish good relations—he accomplished practically nothing except to earn on his retirement Ciano's tribute, from which we need not dissent, that "He is a man who by a slow and painful process has come to understand and even to love Fascism." It is clear that appeasement never had a chance. The Fascists, wholly cynical and wholly greedy, were concerned with Chamberlain and Lord Perth only to exploit the degeneracy, which they correctly observed, of the British ruling class. Indeed the contempt which Mussolini felt for the appeasers may be the one judgment which history will share with him.

All this disagreeable story is set down in full and wearisome detail by Ciano, who regarded every hour of his official day as worth recording. The professional historian may indeed be grateful. But I am not sure about the ordinary reader. There are flashes of style, an occasional revealing human incident, a few "intimate" stories about Hitler, which may be lifted by the Sunday press, and enough quotations from the Duce to establish him as a fairly credible character. But much of the book is turgid to the point of unreadability. Lord, what bores these Fascists were!

JOHN FREEMAN

SCOTS IMPROVERS

The Chemical Revolution. By ARCHIBALD and NAN CLOW. *Batchworth.* 50s.

On a nameless moor in Galloway stands an obelisk with the simple inscription: "In memory of Neilson of the Hot Blast." Many hikers, I am sure, have wondered who Neilson was, and what the Hot Blast might have been; too few of us are industrial historians. Yet the method invented by James Beaumont Neilson in 1828 of heating the blast supplied to iron furnaces put the coping stone on the structure of modern "heavy" industry; and it is at this date that the Clows logically bring to a close a masterly survey which begins with the establishment at Prestonpans in 1749 of the first chemical works in Scotland for the manufacture of sulphuric acid. Their concern is primarily, though not exclusively, the Industrial Revolution in Scotland; and their special theme is the essential contribution made to its mechanical development by the chemists and scientists who evolved the concomitants without which the products of the machines which Watt and Crompton, Hargreaves and Arkwright invented would have had little utility.

In the scientific direction of the Industrial Revolution—south as well as north of the Border—a remarkable group of eighteenth-century Scotsmen played a leading part. Joseph Black, Home, the Earl of Dundonald, the Macintoshes and Charles Tennant were only a few of the "Improvers" who set themselves to place "useful arts" more fully at industry's disposal. True, it is to a Swede, not a Scot, that the world owes the discovery of chlorine, whose use for mechanical bleaching made possible the utilisation of the textile output of Lancashire; but it was in Scotland that bleachers were quickest to exploit the possibilities, first, of sulphuric and then of hydrochloric acid. Similarly, in the development of dyestuffs, soap and mordants, and

in early improvements in glass and pottery, the scientists of Glasgow and Edinburgh, linked to Birmingham through Watt and Mathew Boulton, laid the foundations for much of the nineteenth-century's industrial progress.

This side of the Industrial Revolution has been neglected: every schoolchild has read of James Watt and Stevenson, but few of the pioneer industrial chemists such as Roebuck and Muspratt. Yet without their discoveries in applied science the later history of technics would never have been written. In putting their achievements into true perspective, the Clows have dug in a field largely unexplored. Drawing on original sources of contemporary material such as Sinclair's *Statistical Account*, they have constructed a fascinating picture, not merely of the birth of industrial chemistry, but of the whole of the "great transition" in Scottish life between 1750 and 1830. Admirably illustrated, and with a useful "chemical chronology" covering the whole of Europe, their book is an essential addition to the bookshelf of every student of economic and social history.

AYLMER VALLANCE

SHORTER REVIEWS

Fleas, Flukes and Cuckoos. By MIRIAM ROTHSCHILD and THERESA CLAY. *Collins.* 21*s.*

At a time when so many scientific books are written in an almost esoteric jargon, it is a relief to find one that, without any loss of scientific authority or usefulness, is presented with literary grace by two writers who obviously have interests far outside their special subject. And their special subject is one that might easily be thought forbidding, not to say unpleasant. Not only do Miss Rothschild and Miss Clay write well, but they are also possessed of a becoming scepticism—extending even to some of the strictest of contemporary scientific dogmas. Of an uncommonly complex organ they say, "The more one considers it, the more difficult it is to understand how such a structure can have been evolved either by a series of mutations or by natural selection, or by means of both."

In their first chapters they define parasitism, contrasting it with commensalism and symbiosis. They then go into their main subject, which is avian parasitology, describing in some detail the various parasites by which birds, especially European birds, are afflicted; and they end with a chapter on the cuckoo, which is, of course, itself a parasite on other birds. Never are they less than lucid, and sometimes they are subduedly witty. The publishers are to be congratulated on having, in this volume of the *New Naturalist* series, abandoned their efforts at colour-photography. This too chancy medium was only occasionally successful in the former volumes. The plain photographs in this one are all excellent, and Mr. Arthur Smith's drawings are quite outstanding.

The Root of Europe. Edited by MICHAEL HUXLEY. *Geographical Magazine.* 15*s.*

This book is a relay race. Mr. Michael Huxley, the editor, precedes his distinguished team of runners with an announcement of the object: to trace the diffusion of Greek culture in *all* directions—north, east and south, as well as west. Then, Dr. R. W. Moore gets off to a good start on the Athenian origins, handing the torch over to Dr. W. W. Tarn for a dash through "Macedon and the East," leading next to "Greece in Rome," Dr. C. H. V. Sutherland's lap, which he covers most originally. The course up to this point is straightforward, and it is fairly familiar. With the appearance of the early Mediæval West, the Moslem Carriers, Byzantium and the East, and the Renaissance, it becomes tricky and in places most obscure. The one original torch has multiplied, the track has forked into two main directions. It requires all the erudition and brilliance of Mr. St. L. B. Moss, Dr. Sherwood Taylor and Mr. Steven Runciman to preserve the outline of continuity through these widely separated regions. The winning-post is Russia, with an explanation of the current set-up in Europe in terms of Russia's Byzantine antecedents. Professor Dvornik arrives at this with no sense of strain.

Through the living reality of its highly fascinating conception the book avoids the synthetic fallacy of the Division of Labour School of history so scathingly condemned by Toynbee. It re-blazes, with an athletic detachment from any local or national standpoint, a great, complicated criss-cross of civilisine trails, all of which have a common place of origin. The maps at each stage are a most helpful part of the process, and the many illustrations delightfully chosen. One's only regret is that it was not possible to print the text in a size of type less tiring to the eyes.

Health Education. By CYRIL BIBBY. *Heinemann.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

It is a remarkable fact that although Britain has in many respects led the world in the practice of hygiene and in the reduction of epidemic disease, the British public do not readily respond to direct health education and have to be stalked warily before they capitulate to a new idea. A costly poster campaign on the dangers of diphtheria left them cold, but they flocked to get their children immunised when invited by the M.O.H. on a greeting card arriving on the baby's first birthday. Mr. Cyril Bibby has been one of the most successful writers to appreciate the mental attitude of the public and in this short manual he gives another instalment of his invaluable experience. The medical advice is sound, up to date and free from the fallacies which disfigure so many popular works on hygiene, and the point of view of the public is stated with unusual insight.

Perhaps Mr. Bibby is happiest in the excellent chapters bearing on the teaching of biology in schools and training colleges. He is rightly critical of doctors as health educators but in putting forward suggestions for improving medical education he hardly appreciates the difficulties created by the appallingly high standard of scientific knowledge now required for diagnosis and treatment. The modern doctor has to be trained to be a scientist and a humanist at one and the same time, and personalities equal to the dual demand are rare. About half the book consists of appendices admirably designed to help educators in any field where vital statistics, bibliographies, or films are required. The "scheme for health education" is one of the best and most original yet published, for it co-ordinates home and school training and gives health teaching its proper place, not as an "extra," but as an integral part of the preparation of a child for a full adult life.

Jazz. By REX HARRIS. *Pelican Books.* 2*s.*

If the reader can forgive the almost criminal omission of an index in a book of this type (the more astonishing because the book is otherwise meticulously full of annotations, acknowledgments and information about gramophone records), he will find it a neat and handy study of a form of music which, in the end, may prove to be of more interest to the social historian than to the musician. The history of jazz, which Mr. Harris tells with care and affection, is a sordid story of racial and economic oppression, of a folk-music of quite unprecedented harmonic and melodic limitations (compared, for instance, with Irish or Hungarian folk music), but which has an all-absorbing fascination for millions of youngsters who are interested in no other kind of music whatever.

Jazz is not music for the middle-aged, but for the young; and largely because, one imagines, it obstinately refuses to grow up. Any suggestion that it should be allowed to grow up and develop, that it has "any possible future as a musical art-form and Rex Harris will rap your knuckles soundly—particularly those who have hitherto innocently considered Duke Ellington to be the most important figure in what (wrongly, it now appears) we thought was jazz. Ellington actually writes his music down on paper and orchestrates it; and that is not "true jazz." The fact that it is infinitely more interesting *musically* than half the improvised expressions of emotional experience so raucously poured out by Mr. Harris's primitive New Orleans heroes is not thought to be in its favour. Rex Harris is a purist; and once you're up against a purist there's little hope for you. Twice two are four and there is little point in adding one in the hope that five might be more interesting.

But because Rex Harris is such an enthusiast, so determined that nothing shall be allowed to influence

Though the needs of its customers vary greatly the Westminster Bank gives to all of them the same personal attention and a welcome which in no way depends on the size of the transaction. The Manager at any branch will gladly tell you how easy it is to open an account

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

Self Sticking
SPEEDFIX
Cellulose TAPE
MENDING SCHOOL BOOKS
BINDING TOOL HANDLES
On rolls 7/8" 11/8" & 1/8"
5 YARDS ON SAFE REFILLABLE PLASTIC DISPENSERS 1/3
... NOW SEND IN YOUR IDEA AND WIN £250
Send an original use with empty card board core to SPEEDFIX Competition 35 Rathbone Pl., W.1. by Aug. 31

Not the cheapest . . . but the best
HOWARDS
ASPIRIN
HOWARDS

the music he loves, Jazz is an intriguing book. His style is sometimes appalling and he lapses into the silly jargon of Archer Street with "baritone horn" (when he means "baritone saxophone") and nobody is allowed to "play the piano." It is always "play piano" or "on piano." He also (though we know what he means) refers to Delius as a "classical" composer. For the reader, however, who is not desperately concerned with the æsthetic conclusions reached by Mr. Harris, the early chapters of this book will prove the most fascinating of all. The author, with a number of admirable quotations and a good deal of research, has described the whole atmosphere of New Orleans as the birthplace of jazz with a sense of colour and history, that is as much to the point as the observation once made by the great coloured actor, Martin Wilson, who died in 1933: "In New Orleans it wasn't Wine, Women and Song. It was Booze, Brothels and Blues. And, man, that was jazz . . ."

The Living Tide. By N. J. Berrill. *Gollancz.* 16s. 6d.

Dr. Berrill is a marine biologist, and his book describes what he calls "a wonderful busman's holiday," spent in crawling up the Atlantic coast from the Tortugas (Cayman islands) to Maine. No less wonderful, to the interested reader, are his discoveries in the sea and on shore. He followed up a beach the trail of a turtle to uncover the hundred or so white eggs: the patient turtle has been known to paddle its way from the Gulf of Mexico to Cornwall, and one such enjoys the restriction of the London Zoo.

The Atlantic has its highways and its by-ways, with the *Queen Elizabeth* ploughing along one, and perhaps a million mangrove seeds along the other. Much of Dr. Berrill's holiday was spent in a beach-combing that yielded up sea anemones (feather boas, rather), coral reefs alive and dead; the male sea cat-fish with its mouthful of marble-sized eggs which it must carry for two months; that strange oyster-addict, the drill, boring a sucking hole through the shell; the primitive horseshoe crab, which combines in a single action walking and chewing; piddocks tunnelling in stone and blind even to their own phosphorescence; ship-worms, medusae, black urchins, Sargasso weed, and brittle-stars. All these have their strangeness and fascination. But Dr. Berrill's most lyrical pages are devoted to the squid. It propels itself with enormous speed by sucking in water and expelling it, jet-like, behind. Its eye is the only exact counterpart in Nature of man's. It "revels in claustrophyllia" (claustrophilia is meant); and the ink-cloud serves not only as a screen but also to paralyse the sense of smell in an attacker. Baby squids are described as tiny jewels—almost all eyes, darting, brilliantly specked with colour. Dr. Merrill so fancies the unpopular squid that it is odd he shouldn't know its one popularity: in Spain and France it is eaten, with some avidity.

The Stock Exchange Official Year Book, 1952 Vol. 1. *Thomas Skinner.* Complete Edition, 2 Vols., £7.

To equalise more nearly the size of the two volumes of this indispensable financial year book, the publishers have taken the opportunity of transferring certain contents from one to the other. The second volume, due in September, will now be confined to the Commercial, Industrial and Mines sections. The volume under review contains the special chapters on Municipal, County, Dominion and Foreign finance, and the familiar sections on Government Securities, Railways, Banks, Insurance, etc., concluding with general information and statistics. In the appropriate sections compensation values and other particulars are given of the Iron, Steel and Gas industries. The volume is fully indexed but the second volume will contain a complete index to both. As ever, the production of this two-thousand-page book is excellent and the policy of dividing the work into two volumes instead of one monster is fully justified by the result.

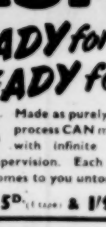
When you buy 'ASPRO' you get a MODERN medicine that gives you maximum quick action with NO harmful after-effects. 'ASPRO' hits rapidly home at colds, dispels feverishness, relieves pain and soothes the nerves. 'ASPRO' is made for RESULTS—it gives Nature the opportunity it needs to put you right without loss of time. Always keep—

'ASPRO'

READY for ACTION READY for YOU

Made as purely as a perfect process CAN make it. Made with infinite care under exacting supervision. Each tablet sealed individually so that it comes to you untouched and unharmed.

Prices: 5D. (12 tablets) **& 1/9** (36 tablets) Made by ASPRO LTD Slough, Bucks

SOAP RE-MOULDER
converts scrap soap
into a new block 7/6 each.

in a few seconds Packing & post 6d.
Saves its cost many times a year.
In colours green, pink, blue, yellow.
NIELD'S PATENTS LTD., Lowell Cathedral Road, Cardiff

SPECIAL LATHER for SENSITIVE SKIN
Cuticura
SHAVING STICK

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 8s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 13s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa: South £4. East £4 5s. West £5 15s.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10s.
Hong Kong £5 5s. Australia, £6.
New Zealand, £6 10s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
30, East 60th Street N. Y. 22, N. Y.
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express $17 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland*, 1½*d.*; *Foreign*, 1½*d.*; *Canada*, ½*d.*

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,160

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a *human* story, told by a ghost. Limit 150 words. Entries by May 27th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,157

Set by Arachne McLeod

The usual prizes are offered for an advertisement, suitable for the Personal Column of *The Times*, in which any of the following offers his services: Branwell Brontë, Hartley Coleridge, Pen Browning, James Boswell, P. B. Shelley, Baron Corvo. Limit 150 words.

Report by Arachne McLeod

How enlightening to recognise Shelley in the guise of "Young vegetarian poet, no ineffectual angel" or "laboratory assistant, seeking extend frontier's Man's knowledge"; to see Baron Corvo deploying his talents as tracer of pedigrees—"Royal pretenders, Italian noblemen, Papal hierarchy." Other black-sheep advertisers who made the ingenious best of themselves were Boswell, who stressed his "gift of appreciative listening" no less than his influential connections; Branwell Brontë, who made clear to his prospective painting pupils that "Strict conventions assured by presence of advertiser's sister" and stressed his record as "experienced though unacknowledged literary collaborator." Hartley Coleridge, so much less written-up a figure, was not convincingly dealt with, though D. Hawes gets a mild commendation for his "Past ints. have included Lit., Pantheism, temperance movts.," but surely J. R. Till was wilfully crude in suggesting he would "undertake research in congenial branch of the licensed victualling trade." And no one tackled Pen Browning at all. Honourable mention to Margaret Seaton ("Motherly care provided by the author of *Frankenstein*"), to G. J. Blundell for making Shelley have it both ways ("Eton and Oxford, but owing allegiance to neither"), to H. A. C. Evans for catching Corvo's matchless impudence ("would consider a position within the Hierarchy of the Church, however humble or exalted, *e.g.*, Pope"), to D. L. L. Clarke for beginning his Shelley simply with "Old Etonian grass-widower," to Eric Swainson whose Boswell offers young noblemen of spirit and affluence the advantage of his incomparable experience as a guide to the spectacles and pleasures of London, and C. O'Loughlin. Prizes of a guinea each to the six printed.

SHELLEY

Young personable high-minded well-connected liberty-loving legislator (unacknowledged) tired of alternately falling on thorns of life and beating in void starred and silver wings in vain offers services as travelling companion to some pard-like spirit. Go anywhere (Italy preferred) do anything. Position required where ardour for poetry, revolution and justice (and for their disciples male and female) would not be esteemed a disadvantage.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Poet eager find Unknown Person to Whom he may present uniquely arranged nosegay visionary flowers inserts this advertisement in hope of finding—Her? Will wander again by certain shelving bank on date of issue.

JOYCE JOHNSON

Young Poet of good birth (baronetage), who has been highly acclaimed by critics for comparing a skylark to a spirit, a cloud of fire, an unbodied joy, a star, a poet, a hymn-writer, a high-born maiden, a glow-worm, and a rose, offers to supply equally apt similes to other young poets at half-a-guinea a simile. Money will be returned if verses at least equal to Mr. Robert Montgomery's are not achieved. For an extra guinea he will explain how a cloud can be made of fire and how Art can be unpremeditated.

No cheques

L. E. J.

BRANWELL BRONTË

YOUNG MAN, potential literary genius of convivial nature and artistic tastes, seeks wealthy patron to

rescue him from rural boredom and the society of bluestockings. Companionship and light secretarial duties undertaken, if desired. Apply B. B., Haworth, Yorks.

ALLAN M. LAING

CORVO

FILM DIRECTORS, PAGEANT MASTERS. Pope *manqué* turned writer offers pen person for research physical representation any Prince Mother Church. At home any type Borgia to Becket with preference perhaps for former.

JOHN DIGBY

One scratched by false friends seeks ungrimalkinous business bond. Can paint, write, photograph, invent as well as any, be he who he may; asks, and will give, no more than gramme-for-gramme; has been driven by circumstances to tolerate no catholics. Having paid the cost of this advertisement, at present he is without money. The roof over his head is a loathly sufferance. He requires that answers be sent to the newspaper; he will walk to London and collect them. No other way is possible, as he fears treachery.

MARTIN JORDAN

CHESS: Youth at the Helm

No. 137

It seems high time again for a "Readers' Own" column. This time, I am glad to say, one of the chessbook-tokens goes to a boy of 11, A. Miller, chess pupil of C. Allen who is one of our most consistently successful competitors. Allen sent me this position reached by Miller (White) against a twelve-year-old in the recent South-sea Boys' Tournament. He played Q x BP, shrewdly expecting that his opponent would fall for the mating threat R-K7, thereby precipitating a change of fortune by Q-B8 ch, followed by Q-KB5 ch, etc. Not exactly a brilliant combination, but clear evidence of the boy's resourcefulness in dire straits. Here is another case of tables turned in a rather more sharp encounter between Miss Musgrave (White) and F. A. Rhoden, both of Hastings. This is what happened.

(27)	Kt-R5	Kt x Kt!
(28)	Q x Q	Kt-Kt6 ch
(29)	K-R2	Kt x R ch
(30)	K-R3	B-Q2 ch
(31)	K-R4	R-K1
(32)	Q-Kt5	P-R3
(33)	Q x RP	R x KtP
(34)	Q-B4	R-R7 ch and wins.

The third chessbook-token, this time, goes to an American reader, A. S. Boekman, who sent me this pretty finish from New York. Playing White in a Ruy Lopez, Boekman—see left-hand diagram—

tried (1) Kt-Kt4 which provoked his ill-advised opponent to attack the Kt with his RP. What followed was (2) Kt-B6 ch, P x Kt, (3) P x P, K-R2, (4) R-K5, and Black very properly resigned.

Finally, here is a remarkable ending won by T. K. Wigan (White) in a correspondence game. He played (1) P x Kt, his own Kt obviously being taboo on account of (2) P x P ch, etc. So Black played (1) . . . P x P, still expecting to regain his piece. But he had not bargained for (2) R-R5! Q-Kt6, (3) R-R3! Black is lost because his Q must not relinquish the vital diagonal. Nor can he save himself by (3) . . . P-B4, (4) Q-KR4, Q-Q4 ch, (5) K-R2.

In this week's competition **A** is a classic which our cracks may well consider overrated with 5 points, but it should be quite instructive for beginners. White's first move is P-B5, and if Black took the P the game would be drawn. But if he blunders by (1) . . . P-Kt4 ch White can win. How? As for **B**—White to win—this is quite tricky and most

A: Horwitz

B: J. Beljakin 1950

instructive too. Actually it is a mate in 12. A complete analysis should well be worth 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by May 26.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set April 26

A: (1) Kt-B4, R x P ch, (2) K-B2, R-Kt4, (3) Kt-K6, R-Kt4 (4) P-B4, R-K5, (5) P-Kt3, etc.

B: (1) R-B7 ch, K-K8, (2) Kt-K2, P queens, (3) Kt-B3 ch, Q x Kt, (4) R x Q, P-R7, (5) R-Kt2 ch, K-R8, (6) R-R8 ch, etc.

If (1) . . . K-Kt6, (2) R-B1, P queens, (3) R x Q, K-Kt7, (4) R-KB1 ! P-R7, (5) K-B4, P-R7, (6) Kt-Q3 ch, K-R7, (7) Kt-Kt4 ch, K-Kt7, (8) R-B2 ch, K-Kt8, (9) K-Kt5, etc.

If (2) . . . K-Kt7, (3) K-Q2, P queens, (4) Kt-Q3 ch, etc."

A good many correct solutions, though some competitors dropped a point or two by failing to see all the subtleties of **B**, such as KB1 (on the 4 move of the 2nd variation) being the *only* suitable spot for the R. Prizes shared by E. Harrison, M. Kaye, A. Rivlin, P. B. Sarson.

ASSIAC

WHERE TO STAY

LONDON: Beautiful Thames Valley: Richmond. Charming hse., grounds, nr. river; 20 mins. Strand. Rm./bfst. 12s. 6d. T.V.H., 12 Ailsa Rd., St. Margarets, Mx. POP. 4790.

AUSTRIA. Enjoyable holiday in private villa. Carinthian Mountain Lake. 5gns. weekly incl. Interview London. Box 919.

HURTMERE Homestead, Godalming, Surrey. (Godalming 826.) Unspoilt 15th Century small manor, lovely gardens, open country. Mod. comforts. From 5½gns. p.w.

"CHERRY Orchard," Mousehole, Cornwall. Guests taken all the year round. 6gns. weekly incl. Tel. Mousehole 284.

YOUR £25 will cover a fortnight Riviera holiday June–July with £8 pocket money. Hostellerie du Gros Pin, Le Bruse, Var.

THERE is still time to book an early or late Cornish holiday at Carnhedonnan Guest House, Gerrans, Portscatho, in the lovely Roseland Peninsular. Send s.a.e. for brochure or tel. Roseland 38.

STRATFORD-on-Avon. Country house, lovely garden, situated one mile from the town. Hot & cold water in bedrooms. Farm produce. Bishopton Lodge Guest House, Stratford-on-Avon. Tel. 276411.

THAMES. Riverside Country House Hotel. Boating. Tennis. Billiards. Ideal for Spring & Summer holidays, Week-ends or Honeymoon. Croft House, Burcot, Oxon. Tel. Clifton Hampden 32.

CHARMOUTH House, Charmouth, Dorset. A small hotel for people of discernment. Summer bookings from Thursdays. Vacancies except August.

DEVON. Cancellation. Rooms available. Gordon Lodge, Mortehoe, facing sea. June 21 to July 12. Mrs. Treasure, tel. Woolacombe 206.

BEAUTIFUL Wye Valley. Gd. food & mod. comfs. at Old Farmhouse, Llandogo, Nr Tintern. Mon. Reas. Vacs. June–July–Sept.

IRELAND. Guests welcomed in comfortable and picturesque country house 25 miles Dublin. Mrs. N. S. Hickey, Skreen Castle, Tara, Co. Meath.

PENARTH. "Vegetarian Guest Ho." Rectory, S. Wales coast. Ideal situ. Pleasnt. hol. resort. O'lkg. sea. Attractive categ. Brochure.

SCOTLAND—B.ook Linn Vegetarian Guest House, Callander, Perths. Trossachs 8 miles. 4½–7gw. Tel. Callander 103.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac, Carn Haven Guest House, overlooking sea, h. & c. bedrms. Farm prod. Excel. food. Mod. terms.

DEVON. Bkf./Eve. Din. Fine posn. min. sea. Rec. "Fontenaye," Combe Martin.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

ESSEX. Delightful Holidays in Country House Hotel, 20 acres grounds, every modern comfort, good food, fully licensed, swimming, tennis, dancing. Weekly terms from 5gns. Apply Little Bardfield Hall, Nr. Braintree. Tel.: Gt. Bardfield 241.

CAPEL Curig. Guest House with modern access. for 12. H. & C. Finely situated on mountain pass in heart of the Snowdon Nat. Park. Brochure: Mrs. Brennand, Bron Heulog, Capel Curig. Tel. C.C. 217.

COTSWOLDS. 17th cent. cott. guest hse.; lovely entry.; excel. walking, motoring; good food; £4 10s. Broch.: Tansley, Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

BUDE, Cornwall, Hawarden Hotel. Facing South and by the sea. Bathing direct from hotel. Restricted licence. H. & c. in all rooms. Telephone Bude 147.

PARIS: You are sure of every comfort at Imperial Hotel, 48 rue de la Victoire, 9e. Tel. Trinite 10-47. Sgle. room 700fr., double 900fr. Bkfast. 150fr., all taxes incl. Quiet, Central. Write for brochure or booking.

CO. DUBLIN. Beautiful situation. Bed and breakfast 12s. 6d. Write Mrs. Unsec, 25 Dalkey Avenue, Killiney.

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, Glorious Devon. Board residence, very comfortable house adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Write Mrs. M. Garness, "Sea-View." Also furnished bungalow up to July 12, and after Aug. 30. Sleeps 10 people. Terms: May 12gns., June–July 15gns., Sept. 12gns.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house beautifully situated above colourful mountain valley. Continental cooking. From 6½gns. Bwich Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolw. 220.

SYGUN Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales. Perfect centre for inexpensive mountain holidays. Drying facilities, hot baths, good food. £4 17s. 6d. p.w. Alpine clothing & equipment & expert guidance available. Mr. & Mrs. Paul Work.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country within reach Eastbourne; comfort and good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. Horeham Rd. 32.

PENSION Thélia. Pleasant Garden, near Pantheon. 28s. daily. Reductions for meals not taken. 75, Rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris 5e.

NATURIST Sun-bathing Hols. In sunny Devon, at Britain's best Sun-Club. Full facils. & mod. cons.; modest sun & air bathing. Write (enc. 1s.) for brochure, Sec. (C.), N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon. The "Sunbather" magazine, 1s. 6d., post free.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

THE Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye. New management, fresh ideas. Ideal for a Spring holiday. Rye 2216.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. A friendly & comfortable country hse. in secluded grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. Approved. 7½–8½gns. Tel. 3155.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for tuition). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Cruchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

SW. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torre Vean Priv. Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

DONEGAL Bay, Eire. Village, Sea, Mountains. Murray, The Manor, Dunkineely.

CORNWALL: summer holidays; boarding or camping; write Dora Russell, Carn Voel, Porthcurno.

SIMPLE accom., friendly people, quiet Pennine valley; bluebell woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks. From 3½gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge.

HASTINGS 4571. Enjoy ideal holiday with Socialist hosts. Terms from 4½gns. (2½gns. off season). Brochure post free. Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

WORTHING—Home of poet Henley. Highest standard catering, comfort, real individual attention. 5–7gns. St. George's Lodge, Cheswood Rd. Tel. 2621. Brochure.

CO. Galway, Clifden. Rock Glen Hotel, touring centre 12 Pins Connemara. Broch.

DEVON and Cornwall. Ideal for May and June Holidays. Low terms. Long sunny days. Good food. Happy companionship. Brochure 1d free from Bishop, Fairfield Guest House, Dawlish, Devon.

MENDIPS. Children's Guest House. Beautiful situation (900ft.). Riding. Expert tuition. Own ponies welc. Shows attended. Miners Arms, Priddy, Nr. Wells, Som.

WRITER'S wife letting 2 rms., south coast Cornish village. From 1gns., May–Sept.; bed & breakfast. Write Box 522.

WOODLANDS Holiday Camp, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent. Delightful, friendly, inexpensive holiday with swimming, tennis, mini-golf, games etc., and jolly evenings. Write for brochure.

EDINBURGH, West End, Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Pl., 3. CEN. 4871.

FARM cottage nr. Polperro. Accom. available, 10s. 6d. D. & B. Both with cold water—hot a problem. W.C. Obl. Image-Maguire, Treweers Cottage, Lanteglos, Cornwall.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

SWITZERLAND—for your £25 allowance: a fortnight in a 1st class guest house with every comfort on one of the finest spots in the world & £8 left. Write brochure: Hotel-Pension "Le Cernier," Caux s/Montreux.

LAKES. Charm. old mansion. Mod. terms. Mod. conv. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 314.

LONGFORMACUS, Berwickshire, in the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel: Send for Brochure.

CWALL. Trebarrock Manor & Farm. Jersey herd. Lovely for flowers. King Arthur's entry. Golf St. Enodoc, Trout & Salmon, Nr. Polzeath (surf-bthng). Lundy Bay. Port Quin/Port Gaverne. Bannerman. Port Isaac 234.

BED and Breakfast 10s. 6d. each, highly recommended. Near shops, sea, station. Hall, 7 Haldon Terrace, Dawlish.

W. Sussex. Lovely country, 1 hr. London. Ideal holidays/wkends. Reas. Timberscombe Guest Hse., Fernhurst, Haslemere, Sy.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers varied meals, comf. & friendly atmosphere mid glorious lake & mountain scenery. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

OLD Plow Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest, gives you comfort, good food and a friendly atmosphere. Club licence. The best air in Sussex and a little spoiling will work wonders if you have been ill. Sharpthorne 17.

BETWEEN Looe and Polperro. Country house possessing every modern amenity, situated in 12 acres gardens, overlooking sea, offers restful holiday and perfect food based on own farm produce. Details and photos from Box 746.

FARM Holidays: Unique Book describing Britain's Best Holiday Farms. 2s. 3d. post paid. Farm Guide (Dept. NSN), 49 Broomlands, Paisley.

HOTEL Reservations? Use HOTEAC, the time and money-saving Hotel Accom Service, 93 Baker St. London, W.1. WEL. 2555.

"LITTLER Guide to Village Inns & Farmhouses," 2s. 6d., postage 2d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

TUDOR Cottage, ideal rest, intellectual work, or tnst parties. Higher ceilings than usual. Partly furn. 4 bedrms., 3 public rms., bath, elec. ht., cent. htg., every cottage. 3-acre pdn. Vacant possession £6,000. Mortgage possible. Tel. Forest Row, Sx., 336.

RATHER remote, but charming holiday cottage. Wales above Bala. Partly furnished. Elec. & Calor gas. £1,000. Box 1013.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is exempted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide, Australia. The University invites applications for appointment to the newly created post of Professor of Medicine. Duties: The Professor will be Head of the Department of Medicine in the University and will be responsible to the Council for teaching, post-graduate training and research in the Department. Salary: £A1,850 a year, with superannuation benefits similar to F.S.S.U. In addition a cost-of-living allowance of £A176 16s. a year is at present payable. Consultant practice: The Professor will be permitted to engage in a limited amount of private consultant practice, the extent of and arrangements for which will be subject to approval by the University Council. General: The University seeks a Professor whose research interests lie primarily in clinical medicine and whose laboratory work for the most part be the hospital wards. Some research facilities can be provided by the other Departments of the Faculty of Medicine. During the next five or six years it will not be possible for the University to provide the accommodation, equipment, staff and maintenance necessary for basic laboratory research. The Professor will be appointed an honorary physician in charge of beds in the Royal Adelaide Hospital. As an honorary physician of the Hospital the Professor will be subject to the regulations of the Hospital except in so far as retiring age is concerned which will be 65 as for other Professors in the University. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is June 30, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide, South Australia.—The University invites applications for appointment as Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in succession to Sir Douglas Mawson, F.R.S., who will retire at the end of 1952. Duties: The Professor will be Head of the Department of Geology and Mineralogy in the University and will be responsible to the Council for the teaching and research in the Department. Salary: £A1,850 a year, with superannuation benefits similar to F.S.S.U. In addition a cost-of-living allowance of £A176 16s. a year is at present payable. General: The new Mawson Laboratories include a working floor space of more than 32,000 sq. ft. for Geology and Mineralogy. There is a separate Professor of Economic Geology. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is June 30, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Adelaide, South Australia.—Applications are invited for the following appointments.—Reader in Physical and Inorganic Chemistry. The post will be vacant at the end of 1952. Senior Lecturer in English. Lecturer in Plant Physiology and Biochemistry. Lecturer in Zoology (preference will be given to an experimental embryologist). Lecturer in Law (an interest in Common Law and English legal history is desirable). Lecturer in Chemistry. Protein Chemist: a young protein chemist is needed to form one of a new biophysics group equipped with a Philips electron microscope, a Tiselius Electrophoresis Apparatus and a preparative ultra-centrifuge. Appointment could in this case be made near the top of the lecturer's scale. Salary scales: Reader, £A1,250 × £A25 – £A1,450. Senior Lecturer, £A1,000 × £A25 — £A1,250; Lecturer, £A600 × £A50 – £A1,000. A cost-of-living allowance of £A176 per annum is at present payable. A superannuation scheme corresponding to F.S.S.U. is available. Promotions depend upon merit and accomplishments rather than on seniority. Study leave is regarded as important. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is June 30, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Lecturer in Sociology. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Sociology. The appointment will be made in Grade III or Grade II, according to the qualifications of the successful applicant. Experience of fieldwork would be an advantage. Applications, which should be accompanied by the names of three persons prepared to act as referees, should be sent to the Registrar, The University, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15, not later than June 15, 1952. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned. C. G. Burton, Secretary. The University, Birmingham, 3.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Social Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer and Tutor in Practical Social Work at a salary of £450–£25–£500. The appointment will be effective from October 1, 1952. Applications (three copies) should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than June 9, 1952.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Psychology. Candidates should have had some post-graduate experience in the fields of Social or Industrial Psychology. Salary scale £450 to £500 per annum with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than May 31, 1952, to be Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and applic. forms may be obtained.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited from graduates in Sociology, History or Politics for an Assistant Lectureship in the Department of Sociology. Salary scale £450-£550 per annum with superannuation benefits and family allowances. The appointment will date from October 1, 1952. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be forwarded not later than May 30, 1952, to the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

REQUIRED in September, progressive woman teacher (not over 40) for a group of intelligent children aged 9-11 years. Must have Ministry of Education Certificate. The post is resident and the candidate must be interested in the problems of disturbed and deprived children. Salary according to Burnham Scale. Special qualifications for the teaching of physical training and dancing an advantage. Apply together with copies of three testimonials to Miss Rendel, The Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

LONDON County Council. Administrative vacancies. A special competitive examination will be held in London on July 21 and 22, 1952, for appointments to Major Establishment. Open to candidates born on or between August 2, 1928, and February 1, 1933, who are either (a) university graduates (or undergraduates in last year of degree course) or (b) men with Higher School Certificate (or equivalent) who will have completed by February 1, 1953, their period of whole-time National Service in H.M. Forces. University graduates given age allowance (maximum one year) for Forces service. Ex-regulars with qualifications mentioned given age allowance. Small "weighting" of marks for recent Forces service. Commencing salaries by age from £336 at 20 to £450 at 24. Scale rises to £660. Good conditions and fair prospects of promotion to higher grades. Apply to Clerk of the Council (A.1), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, for detailed leaflet and application form S.C.1, returnable by June 16. (395)

NATIONAL Association of Parish Councils. Applications are invited for the post of Secretary, at a salary of £750, rising to £1,000. Applications in writing, stating age, qualifications, experience (with special reference to rural areas) and present post and salary, accompanied by names of two referees and copies of three testimonials, should be sent to the Chairman, 26 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, by not later than June 1, 1952. Applics. to be marked "Appointment Application."

SECRETARY: Applications are invited for the post of Secretary to The Vegetarian Society. Applicants, who must be vegetarians, should give full particulars of education, secretarial experience (including committee work), journalism and lecturing, and state age and salary required. Any other relevant details, including references, should be addressed "Secretary-ship," The Vegetarian Society, Bank Square, Wilmslow, Manchester, not later than May 31.

VACANCIES exist for Assistant Secretaries with Y.M.C.A.s in England. These posts offer an opportunity of full-time service with a world-wide Movement. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30. Applicants should have a sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth, and good health. Write, giving full particulars of experi. and qualifications, to S. S. Personnel Secy., National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

COUNTIES of Leicester and Rutland. Matron required for Brooksby Hall Farm Institute (40 resident men students). Training or experience in institutional management essential. Salary £240 × £10 – £300, with free board and residence. Post pensionable – medical examination. Consideration given to registered disabled persons. Apply, naming two referees, to Local Labour Exchange.

YOUNG man (20-30), organise games, athletics, free activities, 60 children. Salary. Write Hervien, Château de Provemont, Etrepagny, Eure, France.

LONDON solicitor reqs. litigation clerk for handling claims on behalf of injured workmen. Good opportunity for ytg. socialist with intelligence & initiative. Box 913.

IRVING Theatre Club requires young educated typist with knowledge of shorthand. Starting salary £5. 17, Irving St., W.C.2.

EXPERIENCED shorthand-typist required for clerical and secretarial work. Apply, giving details of age, education, and experience, to House Governor, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ACTIVE Housekeeper under 40 reqd., by R.E. Cutsyman. Mod. amenities. Box 951

CAMBRIDGE. Working housekeeper reqd. Accommodation for child. Box 987.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PROFESSIONAL mother, two day-school children under 8, seeks services understanding person share home-life, Windsor Suit retiring nurse / teacher / governess / similar. Salary, bed-sitting room, free week-ends. No onerous duties. Box 1043.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

STEADY job wanted. Approx. £8 a week. Ex-Television Secretary wants responsibility and chance to write. Box 1194.

WELL-qual. Art & Craft master, Pottery, Fabric-Printing, Weaving, Basketry, 3 yrs. teaching exp. Versatile, enterprising. Mod. methods. Shs. post prog. schl. Box 899.

EX-Naval linguist, 29, six years' teaching, now restless, seeks change of work. Pay secondary consideration if work interesting. Anywhere. Box 996.

DOCTOR'S Widow, 38 years Trained Nurse, German origin, seeks post as Housekeeper/Companion with bachelor or widower where girl 2 years welcd. Box 993.

CANNOT marry French fiancée unless suitable appointment in France. Camb. grad. with fluent French & Ger., allied to keenness and good humour. Francophil, wd. ably represent English firm. Box 820.

YNG. woman, capable secretary, wants work W.1 area, 9 a.m. – 5 p.m. Box 1015.

PT-time work reqd. Univ., school, non-commercial organisation, Lond. area. Engl., Shthnd.-typing, French, Ger., v. gd. Spanish. Woman, 26, free Sept. Box 778.

EXPERIENCED sec., S/T., free odd half-days. ARC. 1765, ext. 1/MOU. 1701.

MISCELLANEOUS

IRVING Theatre Club, Leicester Square, rendezvous for Players and Playgoers. Regular seasons of Intimate Plays and Revues. Licensed till midnight. Food Counter. Annual subscr. full members 1½; theatre members, 5s.; members of Equity, 10s. 6d. Apply 17 Irving St., W.C.2. WHitehall 3678.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

A DISPLAY of Metal, Wood and Cane Garden Furniture can be seen at Heal & Son. Please write for new Garden Furniture Catalogue. 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

LEARN Shorthand by June 16 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Dutton's (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.29 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee); unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

CRESCENT Smoking Mixture, the supreme Coltsfoot blend; 2s. 6d. per 4-oz. pkt. post free. Shrimpton & Cooke, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

IRISH Linen Tea Towels, each 20in. × 30in., 6 for 17s. 6d.; New White Cotton Lengths (a) Heavy 6yds. × 58in. each, 19s. 6d.; (b) Fine, 6yds. × 45in., each 20s.; carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 95), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Pamrek (Ni), 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY. 3903.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 10s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

PLEBS. May issue includes "Danger in Africa" by Marjorie Nicholson; "What is N.A.T.O." by Dennis Healey, M.P.; "America & the Welfare State," by A. A. Grant; "Let's Watch Our Prejudices," by J. P. M. Millar; "The English Trade Unions and the International," by W. D. Morris; "This Wicked World"; "Pars from the Press"; Reviews, etc. Plebs costs 6d., by post 7½d., or 7s. per year from N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"CENTRAL Africans Refuse Yoke of Federation," by a Rhodesian Correspondent; illus. 6-page broadsheet 3d. presents the facts you need to know. From bookshops or W.F.T.U. Publicns., Ltd., 6 Chichester Chambers, Chichester Rents, London, W.C.2.

"VEDANTA for East & West," bi-monthly. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

NOW Available: Gohm's "Tropical Fish in the Home." 144 illustrations, 30s.; Burton's Pentameron 25s. Fisher & Sperr, 46 Highgate Hill St., London, N.6.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"HORIZON" odd numbers wanted before No. 80. 1s. each paid, please send: Clarke-Hall Bookshop, Wine Office Court, E.C.4. Central 4116.

GERMAN books of high standard and in good condition bought by Interbook Ltd., 12 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

BOOKS wanted. We are buyers of any quantity of books by esteemed authors or of scholarly value. Standard History & Theological works particularly required. The Book House, Hitchin, Herts.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 3030.

SOCIALISTS! Sell your books to Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6407.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS sold, English, French, German: M. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cottage, N.W.6. PRImrose 2585. Also offers made without obligation for good books. Country visited.

ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 8s. ($1.50). Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

WHAT are modern Educationalists thinking? Read "New Era" (International), or join N.E.F., 1 Park Crescent, W.1.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

SHORTHAND Writer, v. expd., reqs. work at home. Own typwtr. duplctr. Mrs. Goldstein P.C.T., 140 Teesdale St., E.2. SHO. 8201.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. 5240 and FRE. 8640.

TYPING, MSS Re-types welcomed. Ross, 14 Beechcroft Court, N.W.11. MEA. 1153.

TYPEWRITING and duplicating. Plays, novels, scripts, reports, theses, testimonials expertly typed and attractively presented. Bereton, 91 Priory Rd., N.W.6. MAI. 5941.

DUPLICATING, typing, express service, office staff supplied. Southern Secretarial Agency, 69, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. ABB. 1511/2.

HAZEL Porteous offers prompt, personal and efficient Typewriting Service. MSS., Short Stories, Plays, Theses, etc. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe. Telephone 390.

DUPLICATING typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Bayswater 1786.

DUPLICATING Typing by experts. Dictation separate office. Confidential. Miss Stone, 447, Strand, W.C.2. TEM. Bar. 5984.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1. (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses testimonials, etc.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAL. 7479.

YOUR secretarial problems solved at once by Dryden Office Service, 15 Tavistock St., Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 7237. Typing, duplicating, translations, staff.

LITERARY typing, 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories duplicated, etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proof-reading etc. Transins. (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Aunts, 501/2 Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. WHI. 6411/2, also Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

SCHOLARSHIPS

GORDONSTOUN Society. Scholarship Competition. The Gordonstoun Society has placed at the disposal of the School a sum of £2,000 to be distributed as Scholarships and grants towards the school fees for a four years' course at Gordonstoun. The maximum award will be £800 (£200 a year for four years). Candidates will be expected to enter the school in September, 1952, and must be born on the ages of 12½ and 14½ on September 1, 1952. The written examination, to be taken at the candidate's school, will be on June 23, 24 and 25. Candidates who qualify will be summoned for interview on July 29, 1952. Application forms, together with prospectus of the school, can be obtained from the Director of Studies, Gordonstoun School, Elgin, Morayshire, and must be returned by June 9, 1952.

CHOIR Scholarships for September Term. Entry forms from Principal, Broomblank School, Selsey, Sussex.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words), Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8474.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—Cont. from p. 600

FABIAN Summer Schools throughout August, 1952: 2/9: Hope, Derbyshire, 9/16: Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. 16/23: Kingsgate College, Broadstairs, 23/30: Frensham Heights, Farnham. Particulars from 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

DENMARK. College Physical Education, Frederiksborg. Vacation Courses for Men and Women. Aug., 1952. Fee £16 10s. inc. Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming. One Year Training Course for Men Teachers, British & Commonwealth. Write Principal.

JOIN one of our International House Parties in Sussex by the sea or near Windsor, July 25-Aug. 30, and spend an interesting holiday in the company of professional people from Britain and abroad. Tennis, bathing, dancing and foreign language tuition and exchange. Also Belgian house party at Knocke-le-Zoute, Aug. 2-16. Enna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. Ken. 0911 & 9225.

DRAMA Schools. Christchurch Studio Theatre, Regents Pk., London. July 28-Aug. 8, Day £5 5s. Aug. 11-22, Evening £3 3s. Acting Technique, Speech, Mime, Movement, Make-up, Production. Dets. Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

OXFORD. Educational Holidays, English/Foreign girls, long/short periods July 1-Sept. 7. Languages, cookery, dressmaking, secretarial, many expeditions, tennis, riding, boating. Brochure: Principal, Stroud Court, Evesham, Oxford.

PERSONAL

GERMAN girl, 26, now in England, seeks post as mother's help. Prefers small children. Fully qualified Hospital Nurse. Ring Mountview 5871 between 9 a.m.-1 p.m.

ARE you a progressive living in St. Marylebone? The local Labour Party needs your interest, ideas and money. Please contact Agent, 88 Park Rd., PAD. 0336. You will be put in touch with Ward Secretaries, Fabian Society and other activities.

INTELLIGENT yng. business woman emigrating to U.S., Oct., will undertake commissions in Washington D.C. & New York as firm's representative or individual. Remun. by mutual arrangement. Box 537.

PLEASE, please - a lift for wife and self to S. France & back, Sept./Oct.; fluent French, drive well, know France. Box 1011.

FRENCH conversation wanted, weekly, London. Exchange English. Box 990.

ENTHUSIASTS invited help form mid-Cent. Lit. Personalist club. Box 986.

FRENCH-speaking family going for 3 months (August-October) to Morocco wish to take with them English girl au pair for help with children and secretarial work. Knowledge of French not essential. Box 974.

CANADA/America. Man, 38, ex-Officer, University, offers services any capacity en voyage or arrival, for passage or part. Moss, 14 Cremorne Road, S.W.10.

MG. 1938 V.A. Tourer, good buy £395. SYD. 7409 (11-6) Monday-Friday.

BOURNEMOUTH. House party has vacancies for people interested sport. Box 943.

FOR sale: Collard & Collard Grand Piano, £50. Bargain. Space wanted. Box 938.

WILL anyone blessed with country home take writer (34, m.) as p.g. during summer mths? Glad help farm/gdn. Box 881.

SPARETIME writer, 28, Eng., living/working City sks. weekend home with intelligent family; no landladies, etc. Box 880.

ENGLISH-speaking family coming to London from Israel for 3 months beginning July, wants University Student or Graduate to give English lessons to 2 young boys, take them sight-seeing, etc. Pref. live "en famille". write full partics. Box 864.

FRENCH music prof. (f.) 27, no money, strong inclination visit England, seeks pension with pocket money July or August. Can do anything bar cook. Mdme. Ammann, 1 rue St. Etienne du Mont, Paris 5.

TWO Durham male undergrads. sk. job abroad pref. with family cruise. Box 846.

CENTRAL London. Established amateur Shakespeare Group, now casting "Julius Caesar," invites acting members. Box 1132.

FOR hire Christian m. 30 sgle. Woodwkr., factotum. Ashore/afloat. Box 827.

CARAVAN, 2-berth, excel. condtn., fully equipped, on perm. site at Littlehampton. £150. 46 Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7. KEN. 5652.

OXFORD undergraduate wishes contact Italian Spanish family, teach English, exch. food & room. Speaks French. Box 788.

PICTURE Gallery for disposal. Fashionable part Knightsbridge. Wholesale and retail connection, well fitted and going concern. Valuable lease. £750 and S.A.V. Box C.124, C.G.A.L., 3 Panton St., S.W.1.

OXFORD. Owing to cancellation Oxford College can accommodate Conferences, etc., of 50-90 persons July 12-28. Box 861.

HONS. Phys. Graduate/Music Student seeks evening work (e.g., tutoring), N. London, poss., but not nec., connected with either subject. MAI. 1087.

YNG woman with horticultural exp. spkg. Dutch & some German, Dan., French, Span., sks. empl. with travel abroad. Box 833.

PERSONAL—continued

FRENCH lessons, grammar & composition, wanted privately. Box 886.

UNFURN. office to let, 1 rm., Maddox St., W.1. 50s. wkly. incl. Box 930.

PIANO Lessons for beginners and advanced pupils given by Professor of the Vienna Academy. Eus. 3466, ext. 65.

VISIT Austria this year—Our Austrian Holidays are arranged to suit everyone, from those who enjoy sunbathing, boating, and walking in beautiful mountain scenery to those who aim at—a—stiff climbing holiday. Arrangements are also ready for those who wish to visit the Salzburg Festival; for details of these and holidays in many other countries, write to National Union of Students Travel Dept., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUston 2184.

LOVELY Continental Holidays arranged for individuals at charming low-priced hotels and inns in Austria, Spain, Germany, the Dalmatian Coast and elsewhere. Write for illustrated booklet of suggestions to Dept. NS, Fairways & Swinford (Travel) Ltd., Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St., London, S.W.1. Tel.: ABBey 2214/5.

SWIM without tears in 6 lessons. Tel. Tat. 8850 before 10 a.m., after 9 p.m.

BEERBOHM. First Edition of "50 Caricatures." 4gns. Crick. TER. 9449.

WRITERS not represented abroad are invited to submit details (not MSS.) of published short stories, radio and TV scripts broadcast or televised to Box 795.

CHILDREN'S Holidays — Bournemouth. Our 4th Summer house-party for those aged 7-16: Aug./Sept. Illd. brochure: Junior Holidays N.S., 69 Wigmore St., W.1. LAN. 2959.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

ITALY. 3 weeks at holiday village on coast south of Leghorn £36 4s. London to London (or 2 weeks for £30 19s.). Very inexpensive excursions to Venice, Rome, Capri, &c. Many free amenities. Club Mediterranee, 66 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

CORSICA. 14 days blissful holiday with the Club Olympique in running for the 6th year their well-known camp. Near-tropical sandy beach, sports, entertainments and excursions over this fascinating island. By train 55gns. all inc. By air 39gns. all incl., leaving about £13 spending money out of your allowance. For full details apply Corsica Dept., Fregata Travel, Ltd., 122 Wardour St., W.1. Phone GERrard 7407.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds. Colonic Irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

HALL, Leic. Sq. Meetings, Classes, Socials. 2pm. eve. 17 Irving St., WHI. 3678.

JUGOSLAV Holidays: Departure every Saturday. Holiday Friendship Service, 445, Strand. Please send s.a.e.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS. Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

RELAX through Nerve Malipulation. A Therapy of proved value for highly-strung people. A restoring-tone treatment. The Nerve Centre, 1 Berstock St., London, W.1. Ask for explanatory brochure. Enquiries: Welbeck 9660.

PAYING guests welcomed in quiet Irish village. Tuition in French and German. Continental cooking. Five guineas. Box 726.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £50.

MANNEQUINS. The world-famous Lucie Clayton Appointments Bureau for Fashion Models will give a free consultation to any young lady considering day or evening training. 449 Oxford St., W.1. MAY. 0667.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 20 Bebnor Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0820.

AUSTRIA by air or train. Tours fr. July 19, Zell-am-See, Fuilpmes (with 2 Dolomites), Gmunden (with Vienna), gd. hotels, gd. company, 15-15 nights £29-£36 10s. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Gr., W.11.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

YOGHOURT made from milk easily & cheaply at home. Dets.: Yalacta Products Ltd., Dept. P., Poplar Rd., Shipley, Yorks.

PICTURE bargains: These examples may interest collectors of book illustrators: Aldin, £2; Brickdale, £4; Tom Brown, £5; Gordon Browne, £1; Fernel, £3; Caine, £1; Du Maurier, £1; Dulac, £6; Ford 10s.; Fullevlove, £1; Griffenhagen, 10s.; Pinwell, 15s.; Rackham, £6; Frank Reynolds, £2; Shannon, £2; Sheppersun, 10s. 6d.; Shepard, 10s.; Stanley Wood, £2; Massy Wright, £2; Rowenhill, £2; Fred Roe, £2. "Phiz," £3; Phil May, £3. Also countings and water colours under £10 by best British artists. Lists from Box 469.

A LIST of interesting travel opportunities under various educational and non-profit organisations will be forwarded on request (s.a.e.): e.g., Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome: 52 gns.; Mediterranean Coast of Spain tour 55 gns.; Rhineland journey £28, etc. E.T.A., c/o World University Service, 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

CORSICA. This year make sure of the weather and fly to Corsica for a wonderful sunny fortnight on the Bay of Calvi. London-Corsica by air and 14 days at Camp de l'Horizon £39 10s. all inclusive, leaving £12 spending money. Apply for illus. brochure to: Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. City 7165.

A NEW Conception of Travel Abroad. Experienced motorist invites people to participate in leisurely touring holidays abroad. Luxury coach used in same way as a private car to visit places of cultural interest and scenic beauty in Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, France and Germany. Total outlay for 14 days—81gns.; includes travel in new luxury coach, board and accommodation in traditional hotels and country inns, all known to the organisers for many years. Departures from London, May to September. Apply to: Mr. N. S. Leroy, 12 St. John's Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent. (Tun. Wells 2180/5).

CANAL Cruising Co. (N), Stone, Staffs. offer a new and adventurous holiday. Cruisers for 2-6 people. May, June, Sept. Houseboat with motor boat on lovely lake.

BRITISH Coach Tours.—The W.T.A. have a wonderful selection of 7 to 12 day tours to all parts. Costs include evening dinner, bed and breakfast, hotel gratuities, reserved seats in modern coaches. £8 18s. 6d. to £29 17s. 6d. Apply W.T.A., 34 Gillingham St., London, S.W.1.

WHITSUN Holidays: You are sure to find something original, gay and informal amongst my Whitsun arrangements: Sussex or Oxfordshire country house party, Sailing Holiday on the Broads, hotel arrangement on the Isle of Wight; also Whitsun parties to Brittany, Austria, and North Italian Lakes. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

ARTS Festivals, University Courses, Summer, 1952. Festivals at Aix-en-Provence, Avignon, Ascona, Menton, Nice, Engadin, Brautswald, Lyon—14 days' inclusive holiday from 35 guineas. University courses at Nice, Bonn, Kiel, Brussels, Florence, Geneva—3 weeks' inclusive holiday from 21½ guineas. Write for further details to Specialised Travel Service, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), 66 Paddington St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9635 6.

SPAIN Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1. Barcelona, Costa Brava, Sitges, 15 days' holiday in the sun. Unherded and informal though accompanied. £10 currency allowance taken. Send your dates and get brochure.

IF you are interested in travelling with other nationalities as well as British, join me in a unique expedition by road through Belgium and Germany to Austria. Nine days—£29. Box 812.

CORFU (Greece). 3 weeks' holiday for only £39 19s. London to London with a day and two nights in Rome. Very inexpensive excursions to Athens, etc. (Or 2 weeks' holiday £34 19s.). Many free amenities. Only a few vacancies left. Club Mediterranee, 66 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

SEASIDE Holidays for Children. The Holiday Fellowship Youth Camp on the Suffolk Coast at Kessingland, near Lowestoft, has a few vacancies for organised parties of children for some weeks during the summer. Accommodation is mainly dormitories, and the food is of a high standard. Several acres of playing field, and safe bathing straight from camp. Charges from 40s. per week inclusive. For further details please write to Schools and Youth Department, Room 43, The Holiday Fellowship, 142 Great North Way, London, N.W.4.

OFFICE accommodation for social organisations, shared services, reasonable. Wine Research Co-ordination Committee, 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

SPRING Holidays—enjoy Spring Flowers and Sunshine with a party of professional people, Lake Garda, May 23; Austrian Tyrol, near Seefeld, June 7, and Spain, Costa Brava, June 14. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B.191), Palace Gate, W.8.

CONTINENTAL Holidays—not "organised" or mass produced, but arranged as you or your friends may want. Spain, 10 days from £24 15s. 6d.; Brittany, 10 days from £16 10s. 6d.; Italy, 15 days from £27 11s. 6d.; also the Riviera, Paris, Austria, Switzerland and other countries. Write for brochure or 'phone Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

CAPRI, Naples, Pompeii, Rome. Mr. Lamming will be pleased to send you details of his small private parties. 17 days fully inclusive 49gns. Alloways, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1. Chs. 6436.

BARCELONA. Costa Brava, Sitges, 15 days holiday in the sun. Unherded & informal though accompanied. £10 currency allowance taken. Send your dates and get brochure: Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq. W.C.1.

S.M.A. Petition: Closing date May 26. 86 Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

IF you wish to distribute advertising gifts at Christmas or on any other occasion please inspect our large range. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue N. 4 Richard Hochfeld (London), Ltd., 28 Archway Rd., N.19.

PERSONAL—continued

P.S. A few vacancies in a special party to S. Felix, Costa Brava, June 8, 14 days, 16gns. Apply now.

P.P.S. Summer School parties also very attractive. Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. Harrow 1040.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

FURNISHED service rooms & suites. N.c. food, but cooking facilities avail. C.H. & C.H.W. 121 Sloane St., S.W.1. Sloane 6009.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

TO let, single & double divan bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. Phone MAL. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

LARGE upper maisette, all conv.; £150 per annum incl. 1 min. Warwick Ave. Tube, each for home in country 25 miles Greenwich. Perm. or temp. exch. consid. Box 881.

TO let, furn. only. Comf. divan sitg. room, cooking fac. 35s. p.w. 95 Bracken Avenue, London, S.W.12. Tel.: BAT. 1565.

ACCOM. central, partial board, from 5½gns.; 6gns. dble. Tel. MAI. 1787.

HAMPSTEAD, beautiful surroundings, accom. to set students. Bkfst. dinner, full wknd. brd. Const. h.w. Recs. Box 1020.

EXTREMELY well furn. rms. to let, single or double. Own cooking facilities. Central pos. From 2 gns. wkly. GLA. 7668.

FURNISHED or partly furnished room in newly built house Muswell Hill, own basin h. & c. and electric cooker, offered at moderate rent to business woman or student willing to sit in. Ring FUTure 1731.

BACHELOR offers accommodation in s.c. flat. Italian French person preferred. South London Tube. Box 746.

FURNISHED flat to let. Two rooms and kitchen. Share bathroom. Own meters. Use of telephone. £5 p.w. Available middle June. Hornsey, N.8. Box 670.

COMFORTABLE bed-sitting room in private house. 15s. weekly. Please write 140 Seels Rd., Tooting, S.W.17.

BED-sit. rm., gdn. view; quiet. Only lodger. Use bath, kit. Lady pref. PRI. 4955.

ATTRACTIVE sgle. bed-sit. rm., use bath, kit. to bus. people, nr. Belsize Pk. Tube. Tel. aft. 4, weekends aft. 11. Pri. 2403.

N. DEVON farmhouse. Small s.c. furn. flat to let, June 5-26 and Sept. onwards. 4gns. wkly., incl. el. and hot water. Box 1023.

DEVON cottage to let furnished for holidays June and July only; near good beach. Box 945.

SNOWDONIA. Lovely cottage to be let furnished first fortnight or whole month July. One single, one double bedroom (twin beds). Ideal baths, inside sanitation. Elec. Garage & daily help avail. 6gns. p.w. Mrs. Ormrey-Work, Beddgelert, N. Wales.

THREE seaside country furnished cottages, electricity, water. Sleep 6 except July 12-Aug. 30. Sleep 4 or 2 from May 1, also caravan site. Sewell, Tanybwlch, Aberayron, Cardiganshire. Phone Aberayron 237.

MEMBER of Staff requires unfurnished flat or house to rent. Reasonable. S.W. London area. Box 1119.

ARTIST (violinist) seeks moderate furnished accommodation, where practising possible (over garage or other) close to London. Please write as soon as possible to Box 940.

WANTED by Indian and friend for short London holiday, independent furnished flat, 2-3 rooms, kitchen & bathroom, in central London from June 12-21. Box 948.

BUSINESSWOMAN (30) desires furn. accom. in London home for self and where husband and child acceptable school holidays. Willing baby-sit. evgs. Box 950.

WERE I a released criminal "starting afresh" I would evoke consideration, offers. Unfurn. accom. London area, please. Yng. educated cpl. 40s.-55s. p.w. Box 911.

W.C.1. or adjacent. Businessman needs bachelor flatlet, preferably but not essentially unfurn. and piano permitted, own or shared kit., bath, phone. Perm., considerate tenant. Reas. rent, please! Box 1002.

SCHOOLMASTER, marrying Aug., sks. unfurn. s.c. flat Woodford/distr. Box 995.

AUTHOR and wife require furnished or partly-furn. house, bungalow, cottage, flat, not isolated, year or longer. Box 1024.

FURN. cot. req. July. Pref. S. m. sea Sussex, Kent. No animals. Refs. Box 862.

SCHOOLS

MICHAEL House School, Ilkeston, Derbys. A Rudolf Steiner School founded in 1934. Education for boys and girls from 4 to 18 years. Boarders accepted.

PINEWOOD, Anwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 39/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4366. Elizabeth Paul.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WINTER Gdn., Hol. 8881. Mon. to Fri. Evs. 8. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30. Michael Denison, Dulcie Grey, Rosamund John, Norman Wooland in "Dragon's Mouth" by J. B. Priestley & Jacquetta Hawkes. Ltd. Run.

EMBASSY Theatre, Pri. 2211. Nghtly. 7.45. Sat. 4.45. Michael Redgrave presents the sensational success of '51 Edinburgh Festival, Theatre Workshop, in "Uranium 235."

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7.30. Sun. 6. Rabindranath Tagore's "Post Office" & "Sacrifice." Mems. 5s. yrly.

ARTS Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mn.), St., Sun. 5 & 8. "The Voysey Inheritance." Mems.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. "The Wages of Eve" a comedy. Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems.

GOGOL Centenary. Dramatic Readings 4 stories: Overcoat, Nose, Two Ivans, Nevsky Prospect. Alfie Bass, Derek Birch, Miriam Karlin, Robert Rietty, &c. Sun., May 18, 3 p.m., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 2s. 6d. (Students, S.C.R. members, 1s. 6d.).

EVERYMAN. Ham 1525. Until May 18: "The Informer" (A). From May 19: Vigo's "Zero de Conduite" (A). London, Basil Wright's "Song of Ceylon" (U).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 1111. May 11, 7.30 "Volpone" (A) (French).

"MALTESE Falcon," Huston's rare film, May 22, 7.30. Mems. free. Guests 2s. Hammersmith Film Soc., Town Hall, W.6. RIV. 6011.

TWO new Chinese films. Double premiere. "China, Family of Nations," and "Along the Yangtse." Speaker, Mr. Harold Davies, M.P., recently returned from World Economic Conference, Moscow. Scala Theatre, W.1. Monday, May 19, 7.30 p.m. Res. seats, 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., from Theatre or Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 37 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2. Tel. AMB. 1431 /2. (S.a.e. when writing, please.)

NEW Era Film Society presents: premiere of outstanding Czech film, "New Heroes Will Arise" & "Proud Valley," with Paul Robeson, at 7.15 p.m. on Sun., May 25, at St. Pancras Town Hall. Tickets 2s. before show, 2s. 6d. on day. Members & members' guests only. Bookings and enquiries from 40 Berwick St., W.1. GER. 8993.

NEW Era presents a Social and Film Show at 7 p.m. on Sat., May 17, showing the famous classic "Madchen in Uniform," exposing the harsh discipline in a German girls' school, at 14 Kensington Sq., W.8 (nearest Tube, High St., Ken.). Mems. 1s. 6d., Visitors 2s., films 6d.

FILM-Show—Warsaw, The Undefeated City"—Polish film premiere (Eng. subtitles), story of heroic struggle against Nazis. Tues., May 20, 7.30 p.m. Islington Town Hall, Upper St., N.1. Tickets 1s. and 2s. (see advert below).

CAMPOLI, violin; Anna Pollak, mezzo-soprano; W.M.A. Singers, S. London Festival Choir. Celebrity Concert programme includes Polish Works & Songs from present-day Poland. Fri., May 23, 7.30 p.m. Kingsway Hall. Tkts. 1s. & 2s. Tkts. from Brit.-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Place, W.1 (Lan. 6593) or at door.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Monday next, May 19, 7.30. The Society for Twentieth Century Music presents: Dr. Edith Sitwell, Eric Fort, Gordon Watson & The London Symphony Orchestra Chamber Ensemble, in works by: Arnold Schoenberg (Ode to Napoleon), Humphrey Searle & William Walton (Façade, with Dr. Edith Sitwell in her original part). Conductor: George Weldon. Tkts. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Hampstead agents & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

BRANDENBURG Concertos—Bach. Boyd Neel Orchestra with Boyd Neel. May 18 & 25 at 7.30 p.m. 10s. to 3s. 6d. Royal Festival Hall (WAT. 3191) and usual agents.

LONDON Opera Guild, Vocal Director Hans Nachod—Recital of Operatic Excerpts incl. Gounod, Gluck, Mozart, Wagner etc. & Lieder. 7.30, May 18, Salle Erard, Gt. Marlborough St., W.1.—Admn. 5s. at door or from Sec., 256 Kew Rd., Richmond, Surrey.

"OUR Heritage of Music": W.M.A. Concert at Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlbro' St., W.1 (nr. Oxford Circ.). Esther Salaman, Leonard Cassini, Cragg Sinkinson, Philip Lewtas, W.M.A. Singers. Sun., May 25, 7 p.m. Tkts. 2s. W.M.A., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2, or at door.

LIEDER Recital, Queen Mary Hall, Thurs., May 22, 7.30. Marianne Mislap-Kapper, piano. Norman Franklin, Seats: Sofa 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., Box Off.: Y.W.C.A. Cent. Club, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7512.

CHINESE Music. Record recital and lecture by M. A. K. Holliday, Wed., May 28, 20 Pont Street, S.W.1, 7.30 p.m. 1s. Britain-China Friendship Association.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club. Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

"VECHERINKA" (Russian evg.), Wed., May 21, 7.30. Music, entertainment, members' bar, garden, 2s., SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 3s., guests 4s.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

RECITAL of Contemporary Rumanian Music. Recorded by Tape, introduced by Leonard Cassini, 14 Kensington Square, W.1. May 18, Sunday, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 6d. British-Rumanian Friendship Association, 101 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League, C.I.B. Dance, Sat., May 17, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

GRAND Dance. Democratic S. Africa Comm. Friday, May 23, 7.30. Chelsea Town Hall. Famous African singer, prizes, novelties. Full orch. 3s. 6d. single at door.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. Corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illustrated Catalogue 6d. post free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17 & 6 Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters—New Acquisitions—Boudin, Braque, Fantin, Monet, etc. Daily 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 2 Litchfield St., W.C.1, opp. St. Martin's Theatre. Paintings by James Stroudley. Figures in Sunshine and Shadow. May 24-June 14. 11 till 7.

PARSONS Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Prints by Leslie French & Richard McDonald. May 19-June 13 dly. 10-5. Not Sats.

THE Max Beerbohm Exhibition. Also paintings by Lucien Pissarro. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ADRIAN Beach. Welsh Border drawings and paintings. May 19-31, 10-5 (incl. Sats.). Park Lane House, 45 Park Lane, W.1.

20 BROOK Street Gallery. Perm. collection French 19th/20th Cent. Paintings. May 15-30. Exhib. of recent works by Jane Lane and Manina. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Works by Victor Pasmore; Paintings by Hans Seiler; Collages and Ceramics by Contemporary English artists. 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. New Paintings by Ben Nicholson. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Touring Company of Pictures available for provincial Art Centres, Universities, Colleges, Schools, etc. Dly. 11-6, Sats. inc.

EXHIBITION of English Churchyard Sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open until May 24. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Paintings by Lucian Freud. First Exhibition of Paintings by Martin Froy. Until June 14.

FRANCES Hodgkins, Gwen John, Ethel Walker. A Memorial Exhibition organised with the Arts Council. Tate Gallery. Open till June 15. 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Paintings by A. Mintchine and recent work by Brenda Chamberlain.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Studio Group Exhibition. Monday-Friday, 10-5; Sunday 2-5. Until May 18. Photographs by Lucia Goehr. May 14-28.

SAUL Steinberg. "The greatest comic draughtsman in the world to-day" (Spectator). 100 of his latest cartoons at I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Week-days 10-6, Suns. 2-6. 1s. 6d., Members free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. First Exhibitions in London of the Italian painter Guido Peretta, and the sculptor, Emilio Greco.

DUAL-Purpose-Rooms showing space-saving furniture designed and arranged for present-day needs. On view April 21-May 31 at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Crt. Rd., W.1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. excl.) 10-5. Adm. free.

"Id. Plain, 2d. Coloured." Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead. Prints past and present. Demonstrations Sat. afternoons; lectures, Thurs., Sats., Suns. 3-9 p.m. until June 1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"THE Truth about Poland's Western Frontiers"—Lecture by Mr. Andrew Rothstein, Wed. May 21, 8 p.m. Adm. free. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Place, W.1 (LAN. 6593).

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. May 24 at 6 p.m. Dr. E. V. Fry: "Goethe als Freund Englands und Frankreichs."

"THE Conquest of the Desert". Lecture to be given by the Hon. Edwin Samuel, C.M.G., on Tues., May 20, at 6 p.m. at 13 Mansfield St., W.1. Adm. free.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Wed., May 21: "Can we quit the ego?" Mr. Raymond Percheron. 6.30.

W. African Students' Union Conference. Human Nature and Politics, 13 Chelsea Embkt., S.W.3. Sat. May 17, 5 p.m. Prof. T. E. Jessup; 8 p.m. Rt. Hon. A. Creech Jones. Sun. May 18, 5 p.m. Rev. Dr. Marcus James.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

S.E. ASIA: Fabian conference with Dr. Victor Purcell, Dorothy Woodman & Woodrow Wyatt, M.P. Chairman: Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P. June 7, from 2.30 p.m. at Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tickets 2s. 6d. (members 1s. 6d. in advance); from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

DR. Gilbert Murray, O.M., delivers his Presidential Address to the Society for Psychical Research at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, May 21, at the Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1. Open to the public. Admittance free.

HAROLD Downs: "Is the Living Theatre Really Alive?" Hampstead Ethical Society, 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. Sun., May 18, at 7.45.

"WHAT is Man?": C. R. Groves, M.Sc. (General Secy., Theosophical Society in England). Sun., May 18, 7 p.m. Theosophical Society, 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gate, London, W.C.1. 5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or 5 mins. from Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. May 18: "The Masters of Wisdom."

L.C.C. Central School of Arts and Crafts. An illustrated lecture "Modern Book Illustration" will be given on May 28, at 5 p.m. by Mr. Phillip James, C.B.E., Director of Arts for the Arts Council of Gt. Britain, in the lecture hall at the School. Free. (502.)

HOUNSLOW Peace Movement presents "Council of the Gods." Town Hall, Treaty Rd. 7.45, Wed. May 21. Adm. 6d.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. "Paul Klee." Illustrated lecture by Dr. J. P. Hodin (Director of studies, I.C.A.). Sunday, May 18, at 8 p.m. "Aspects of Egyptian Art—Ancient and Modern." Illustrated lecture by Kate Heimann. Wednesday, May 21, at 8 p.m. Members free; visitors 2s.

QUESTION Hour for Conscientious Objectors, who are invited to put their questions to Fenner Brockway, M.P., Stuart Morris, Sybil Morrison, Bernard Withers (Secys., Central Board for Conscientious Objectors). Question Master, the Rector of Bermondsey. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. May 27, 7.30 p.m. Adm. free. All welcome. Organised by the Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

MARYLEBONE Fabian Society: Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Silverman on their recent visit to Russia. Dinner meeting, Tues., May 20, 7 p.m. Classic Restaurant, 161 Baker St. Non-mems. 5s. phone CUN. 1034 for details.

CHINA: Your questions answered! Lt.-Col. Reid replies. St. Michael's Hall, Golders Green Rd., Friday, May 16 at 8 p.m. B.C.F.A. and Hendon Peace Committee.

THE London Society of Jews and Christians: "Can Civilisation Survive without Religion?" Speakers: The Very Rev. The Dean of St. Paul's, Mr. Emil Marmorstein, M.A., at Denison House, 297 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1, at 8 p.m. Wed., May 21.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10): Meditation & Gita at the Centre every Sunday, 5.30 p.m. Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., May 22, 7.30 p.m. "Aim of the Bhagavad-Gita." All welcome.

PACIFIST Religious Fellowship. Universalist Service. 3 p.m. Sun. May 18. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., nr. Victoria Stn. Discourse by J. Allen Skinner, Editor of "Peace News." The Foundations of Faith: An Agnostic's Thoughts on Religion."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. May 18, S. K. Ratcliffe, "A Religious Revival?" Questions after lecture. Admission free.

"NEW Soviet Novels." Eleanor Fox leads discn. May 22, 8 p.m. 2 White Court, Platt's Lane, N.W.3. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

SOCIALIST Zionist Party (Mapam). Wed., May 21, 8 p.m. "Whither Germany?" N. Gerson. Sat., May 24, 8 p.m. International Progressive Music Recital. Adm. 6d. Refrs. At 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Wed., May 21, 7.30. St. Anne's Church Hse., 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Bamangwato Tribe & the British Government." Spkr. Seretse Khama. Adm. 2s. 6d.

SHAW Society: Jill Balcon gives 1-hour reading Day-Lewis's "Italian Visit," 57 Dean St., W.1, May 23, 6.15 p.m. (prior to A.G.M.). Non-members welcome (1s. 6d.), and on Thames Embkt., May 17, Waterloo, near Platform 16, by 7 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "Geographical aspects of the history of Indo-Aryan" will be given by Professor Jules Bloch (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on May 23, 26 and 28 at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Adm. free, without tkt.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley. One-, two-, three- or four-week General or Specialised Courses during June, July and August.

NEWBATTLE Abbey College, Dalkeith, Midlothian. A Residential College for Adult Education. Warden: Edwin Muir, LL.D., Ph.D., D. ès L. Courses are offered in the following subjects: English Language and Literature, Human Relations, British and European History, Economic Theory and History, Trade Unionism, Philosophy, Political Theory, Psychology. Fees: £1/10/- per session, £110 for two terms, £60 for one. Next session begins October 6. For further details and information regarding L.E.A. scholarships apply to the Warden.

THE International Montessori Association will hold a Montessori Diploma Course for teachers in London from January 19 to July 18, 1953. This will be the Only Non-Residential Training Course authorised by Mr. Montessori in England. For further particulars apply to The Montessori Society, 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

CULTURAL holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley, with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 22gns.; 21 days 26gns.) covers all travel accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money left out of your £25 currency allowance will be £16 for 14 days. Write for leaflet "1952 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Hamp. 5986.

LONDON University and other exams.: University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance requirements, Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ord. and Adv.), London, Oxford, Cambridge and others. Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 4640-3805. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes; or private lessons; beginners and all grades. English for Foreign Nationals. 66 Oxford St., W.1. Tel.: Gerrard 8531-2. Intensive daily classes and preparation for Cambridge and London University Certificates; short or long Courses; enrolment daily; Prospectus Free.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 1493.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Managaresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

RELEASE from over-tension and over-fatigue through re-education of posture and movement. Many symptoms are based on faulty muscular habits. Enquiries to Secretary, The Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.11. Tel. Park 7222.

INTER B.A. Exemption. North Western Polytechnic, Prince of Wales Road, London, N.W.5, offers intensive full-time course for Advanced Level G.C.E. Next course September, 1952-June, 1953. Call, write or tel. GULliver 1154, ext. 11.

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7547.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing—Frederick Method. Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. (Mrs. Whorwell.) BAY. 2816.

GREGG Shorthand Typewriting classes for business people, mornings & evngs. Mrs. King, 3 Harrington Rd., S.W.7. WEI. 5855.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

OXFORD University Extension Lectures Committee. International Graduates Summer School. July 26-August 16, 1952. "Britain and the Modern World" examines British Commonwealth, Colonial, Economic and Foreign Policies in the Twentieth Century. Lectures and seminar groups. British graduates accepted for three or six week periods. Prospectus from Oxford University Extension Lectures Committee, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford.

Summer Schools contd. on p. 599.

More Classified Adverts. Pages 597, 598, 599

'Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office 1929. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, Published Weekly at 10, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.